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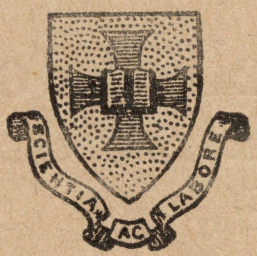

JULY 1917

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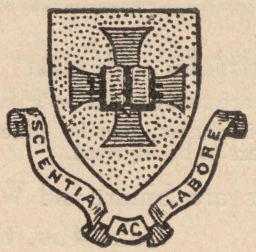

JULY 1917

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CONTENTS.

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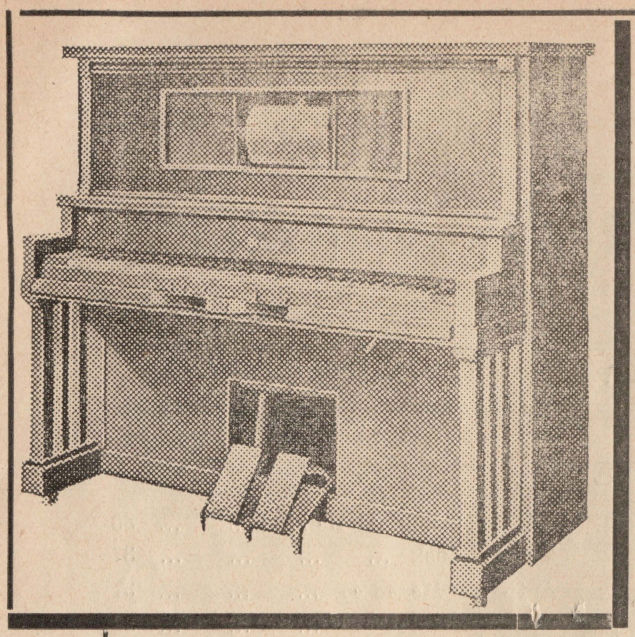

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PALINGS

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Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

Hor., AP. 334.

Editorial.

Of late there has been much controversy concerning our annual elections—whether they should be held at the beginning or at the end of the year. Beyond question, the subject is a hackneyed one; so much so, in fact, that at this stage it might almost be called a knock-kneed one, in consideration of the vast amount of rough handling it has received at the hands of enthusiastic advocates of one measure or the other. And it is not with any direct intent to exaggerate the physical deformity that the question has here been resurrected into a brief spasm of existence; but rather with the idea of bringing the matter to a more satisfactory and conclusive issue, and of indicating its intimate connection with the enfranchisement of freshers.

To be brief then! Since the quality of being such is the soul of wit. The editors of last year seemed to be fully convinced, at least according to their leading article—and it is assumed that such is generally the materialisation of the writer's convictions in print—that "it is eminently desirable that all electioneering should be done towards the end of the third term"; their adoption of such a conclusion being supported by the arguments: that freshers are afforded ample time and opportunity to grow in wisdom and in strength, to become mightily acquainted with the intricate machinery of academical life, and to discover for themselves the numerous merits of those men standing for election. Since this journal has never boasted any definite "politics," the editor feels himself immensely justified in speaking in favour of his own convictions and running contrary to the view of his predecessors.

For this reason! . . . The fresher, after all, cannot be expected to gain a thorough knowledge of his fellow-students in the short space of a year, unless he happens to be an exceptionally conscientious student of mankind, during which time he is mainly and sensibly occupied in devoting all his energies (it is to be hoped!) in the field of literary or scientific research. He has examinations to obscure the horizon of his intellectual vision. Throughout the long vacation, however, he can find any amount of time to ruminate on the various men with whom he has come in contact, and to consider their capabilities and fitness for office. And it must be remembered that the holding of elections in first term has the additional advantage of affording freshers an opportunity to hold office in their first year, where they are willing and efficient enough to assume such responsibility, in the circumstance of failure to obtain second and third year men to fill the breach, either through their reluctance or ineptitude. We have, in striking illustration, the case of a first-year woman being elected to the position of secretary to the Women's Red Cross Branch, making a capital worker and fulfilling her duties, it is said, in excellent fashion. Undoubtedly, there are many of the same order, and it seems like flying in the face of Providence to let such opportunities slip unheeded through our fingers.

It has been argued that our first few weeks of the year are unavoidably

crowded by annual elections—a most undesirable circumstance at such a critical period, and that were the various committees elected in third term, they would be in a position to enjoy their long vacation in mapping out next year's plans, which could then be put into operation immediately with the opening of term. The question arises—naturally. Which is likely to appeal more to the average mind: a rush of elections at the beginning of first term, or a similar unhealthy bustle a couple of weeks before the November examinations?—an exceedingly critical period, in truth! The point is this! The sensible student, from fresher upwards, welcomes this little diversion which is fortunately created at the opening of the first term by the noisy chaos of meetings and elections, because he recognises that they have a happy knack of brushing away from his obfuscated brain the misty cobwebs of long vacation, relieving the tedium which otherwise would inevitably be present before settling down into the regular routine of his academical studies; and at the same time of extending the cordial hand of welcome to the fresher in his great loneliness, initiating and ushering him, without pomp or ceremony, into the mysterious workings of 'Varsity life. It is certainly something to look forward to after the void of nothingness behind it (including "posts!"), a basis on which to build one's hopes and fears, from which, with a clear brain and undimmed eye, to commence study, and in a steady crescendo, with the full enjoyment of the enthusiast, to rise to the lofty heights of a November examination. A similar foolish suggestion would be the postponement of the freshers' welcome until the end of the year.

As to the consideration of advantage in the way of time and opportunity to the incoming committees, it is scarcely likely that they are going to devote a deal of their vacation in equipping themselves for their future positions. For the reason that it is an entirely unnecessary proceeding! Perhaps the only case which seems to call for such preliminary preparation is the editorial staff of this journal, where a small amount of prelusory activity is not of disadvantage. Last year their appointment took place at the end of third term—a wise proceeding to a degree, due to the thoughtful consideration of the previous editors. But even there a fly unluckily fell into the ointment—in the shape of an outstanding debt on the magazine, which naturally devolved on the attention of their immediate successors In this manner, then, is created a danger by prematurely appointing new managements to the various bodies—a likelihood of their being made responsible for unfulfilled obligations of their predecessors. On this score it seems, therefore, an excellent plan to let newly-appointed committees commence their term of office with a clean sheet by electing them at the beginning of the year, thus affording former managements ample time in which to collect their scattered wits and scattered subscriptions, and settle their little affairs to the satisfaction of all concerned. As for the other bodies of the University—the Students' Association, the Union, and the Sports Union—where the committees have very little work to absorb their attention (practically speaking), no lengthy preparations are required, and their election in the last few weeks of the year becomes in consequence an absurd measure—which time could be employed to better advantage.

Let us be civilised and hold our elections as soon as convenient after the opening of first term, after the manner of enlightened Universities.

Probably the consideration which goes best to justify such a procedure is the fact that opportunity is thus afforded the fittest men and women to be nominated for office. In this way! Many students, especially those of the Training College, are doubtful for one reason or another as to whether fate will smile on them to such a measure that they will be able to renew old acquaintances at the 'Varsity, and resume their studious exertions with the opening of term. By holding elections at the end of the year, then, the most capable students are likely to be debarred from holding office, being unwilling to stand through ignorance of their future course of action. And, like one of Euclid's geometrical theorems, the converse also is true. It sometimes happens that a student is elected to a certain position at the end of third term, but unfortunately fails to put in an appearance the following year. He may have failed to survive his "post-

mortem'' in March, or migrated to Sydney for a course in Medicine; or, having contracted brain-fag, migrated to the doctor for a course of medicine. Or, finally, he may have suffered a relapse and entered into the holy bonds of matrimony (there are cases!), and finds his attention engaged by more absorbing interests. At any rate, the fact remains that he is conspicuous by his absence, which necessitates the inelegant consequence of holding another election. Actually there have been cases of both ''theorem'' and ''converse'' existent in the University. The system which creates such a deplorable state of affairs is rotten! It is for us to uphold the ideals a University should possess by seeing to it that only the most competent individuals are elected to office.

But—you remark serenely—having arrived at so sententious an utterance in such a rambling fashion, how are we to deal with the matter of freshers' voting? Are they to be allowed to vote in the darkness of ignorance, with but a few weeks' acquaintance, at most, with the men standing for office? as, in fact, they have been doing ever since the University first saw the light of day as an academical institution. . . . The question here raised presents a difficulty which calls for immediate attention, which constitutes the strongest and the one serious objection to the holding of elections at the beginning of the year; and it is to the consideration of it that this article owes its existence. Of course, the answer is evident (as Shakespeare has it!) to any formal capacity. The votes of people who have no practical knowledge of the men standing for election are both ridiculous and worthless—more, they are detrimental to sincere voting, and prejudicial to the obtainment of the most capable individuals for office. The point then arises: whether the arguments put forward in the preceding pages constitute sufficient grounds for the continuance the elections in first term, at the expense of the disenfranchisement of freshers. Beyond question, they do! In the opinion of the writer they far outweigh those set out in support of the alternative measure.

What then! Disenfranchise the freshers—obviously! Wipe such a ridiculosity—

as their enfranchisement undoubtedly is —out of existence; and introduce a clause into the constitution of your Unions to the effect that first-year students are not admitted to the privileges of their predecessors, as far as voting at annual elections is concerned. The fresher himself will never view such a measure with any disfavour, accepting it as a natural step in the course of events; it is his prerogative to suffer such distinctive inconveniences. The Union or body which extends the privilege of voting to these people, holding its annual meeting at the beginning of the year, is much to be sympathized with; its constitution needs overhauling, modifying, to the extent suggested above.

To all University bodies in general, then, the kernel of the whole matter is this, quintessenced into the proverbial nutshell! Hold your annual meetings and elections at the beginning of first term! Rid your systems of that startling piece of idiocy indicated in the previous paragraph! And cut freshers' votes right out of existence!

C.C.S.

BY HECTOR W. DINNING.

The ——th C.C.S. claims to be the hospital furthest advanced on the Somme. The claim is justified. Its grounds are lit at night by the gun flashes. The discharge of our own heavies rattles the bottles in the dispensary and makes its canvas tremble. Sleep is sometimes driven from the eyes of its patients not by pain, but by the thunder of the bombardment. Convoys from the dressing-stations have but a short run. The wounded arrive with the trench mud wet upon them. Clearing them up is quick, if filthy, work; and in clearing them up is engaged a small battalion of orderlies.

The whole hospital is under canvas, except the operating theatre, which is a hut, hermetically sealed, as it were, and heated to a working temperature—and, incidentally, an even temperature—by some ingenious device. Surgery cannot be done with numbed hands. Yes, and the officers' ward is a hut, to deepen the great gulf fixed between Tommy and his officer, even when they both are in mortal pain. The difference in the degrees of comfort between a marquee and a hut in the Somme winter is incredible. Unhappily, too, in these winter months there is a horrible shortage of coal and paraffin. This tells again in favour of the hut. The officers' hut is as warm as your civilian sitting-room and well-nigh as comfortably furnished. No ingenuity could make it possible to say this of a marquee.

But it is only the wounded officers who are comfortable. The medical officers freeze and soak in bell tents. You'll see the batmen drying their blankets nightly at the mess fire before their "bosses" go to rest. No artificial heating is possible in these tents, because there is no fuel available for those who are well. M.O.'s retire after an all-night bout in the theatre to their clammy beds, and sleep from exhaustion, and for no other reason. They wake and shiver into dewy clothes. They shiver through their meals in the biting mess-tent, and they plod through the sea of slush that surrounds the wards incessantly now that the winter has set in. For the ground is never dry. When it's not raining (which is seldom) it's snowing—and snowing good and hard, as a rule; in fat flakes as big as carnations.

But they're a cheerful mess, with work enough to save them from dwelling overmuch on the discomforts of the Somme winter. There are twenty of them. The Colonel is a regular, with long years of Indian service behind him, whose favourite table topics are big game and economic problems—particularly those hypothetical economic difficulties which are likely to confront us after this war. His customary opponent is Padre Thomas, the Roman Catholic chaplain, who took a double-first at Oxford, and was one time an Eton master. He receives weekly from a favourite nephew, reading for matriculation, Latin prose exercises, the merits of which he discusses with those members of the mess whose classical scholarship war has not not quite obliterated.

There is Wallace, the X-ray expert, whose chief topic is the shortage of paraffin, lacking which his apparatus cannot carry on. He's a Scotchman, who once graduated in arts. He is chief consulting specialist with the chaplain on the merits of his nephew's prose composition.

The Anglican padre is a raw-boned Scot (six foot four)), who has lived mostly in Russia and Germany. He talks a great deal of Vodka and the hoggishness of German manners. "What a treat it would be" (he says) "to march into Berlin with the pipes playing, go through, and meet the Russians on the other side and have a foregathering! That night I should cast away all my ecclesiastical badges!"

He preaches to the camp of German prisoners close by with a grace that is not altogether good. He cannot abide Germans. One envisages him as delivering them fire-and-brimstone discourses, and calling them weekly to repentance.

The quietest members of the mess are surgical specialists, P—— and R——. They are also the hardest-worked and the most irregular at meals. It is rarely that they are taking their soup before the others have finished. This is perhaps a good thing, in the light of their frank physiological discussion at table of the case just disposed of in the theatre. On taking-in day they frequently do not come to table at all. I doubt whether they eat. If they do, it is a snack between cases in the abattoir. The hospital takes in and evacuates on alternate days. Theatre cases must be done at once, for it may be necessary to evacuate them to the base on the following day. It is, in fact, necessary unless they are unable to bear transportation, and many are too critical for that—head cases, spinal cases, and the like. Cases that suffer greatly are visited with the merciful hyperdermic before they start on their jolting journey in the ambulance train. Not that A.T.'s are rough; they're amazingly smooth. But, however smooth, they are agonising to the man whose nerves are lacerated and exposed or into whose tissue the scalpel has cut deep.

The A.T. draws into an improvised siding adjacent to the wards. There is no question of mechanical transport to the train. It is the practice to establish C.C.S.s beside a railway where evacua-

tion during a push can be facile and expeditious.

P—— and R——, the men of few words but of great and bloody deeds, have operated in some degree or other on well nigh every case that boards the ambulance train.

Added to the shortages which hit the wounded so hard is that other present hardship, the congestion in railways. As soon as an A.T. is wired as having left the army garage at ——— such preparations must be made as will ensure that the wounded will be ready to board her immediately on her arrival. They must be waiting in the evacuation tents by the siding before the minimum time of her arrival. But, notwithstanding regulations which provide that A.T.'s shall take precedence over all other railway traffic whatsoever, that requisitioned is frequently four or five hours late—such is the present state of the roads. That means four hours of frozen agony in the evacuation tents. Fuel cannot be spared for warming them, when it is more than the wards can do to get warmed. A shivering padre moves round amongst them administering comfort which makes no pretence at being spiritual, except in a punning sense. That's one thing very few padre's in the war zone have been obtuse enough not to learn--that attempts at spiritual consolation may sometimes be inopportune. Every padre knows the full war-value of creature-comforts, even for his spiritual ends. So he moves about the evacuation tent ministering to the body rather than to the soul.

The surgical specialists have long since ceased to have connection with this stage of their patients' movements base-wards. They are in the theatre making ready more for the journey down.

The mess harbours the O.C. of a mobile laboratory. He moves between the hospitals within the army, testing serums. He wears the peering aspect of a man accustomed to microscopic examination. All his table conversation is of an enquiring nature; better, an investigatory nature—into matters that are quite impersonal. During a whole meal he will talk of nothing else but the Northern Territory of Australia, or the structure of the Great Barrier Reef on the Queensland coast. If he's talking of the reef he deals in a series of questions, and in an examination of your answers thereto, until he has built up for himself, with the aid of diagrams contrived with table implements and slabs of bread, an accurate notion of the surface structure. He's as much interested in modern history as in science. One evening he edified the mess, by arrangement, with an hour's discourse on the causes leading up to the American Civil War. For this he prepared with academic care. It was curious to see how he could, for an hour, sustain the interest of the mess in so remote and comparatively insignificant a struggle, when that mess was stationed in the heart of the Somme, at the height of the push. . . .His laboratory walls are decorated with pictures by no means scientific, and yet physiological. They are extracted from "La Vie Parisienne," a French weekly illustrated journal of extraordinary frankness. But in this man there is nothing lewd. But he has an unusual appreciation of French cleverness, and that is a faculty alarmingly wanting in the normal English officer. French drawings which the English call lewd are by no means lewd, merely intensely clever. They convey no notion of lewdness to the French mind. But the English, except in the case of isolated representatives of that race, will never understand the French—in other matters than that of art. So great is the gulf of miscomprehension fixed between the French and English that it becomes a daily deepening mystery how they could ever have found themselves allies. Still more mysterious is it that they should continue so.

These are the men who impress you most in the mess. There's Wallace, the Scotchman who never says more than he's obliged, but has the tender heart with his patients. He always trembles when giving the anasthetic in critical cases. He calls himself weak-kneed for it, and reviles himself unmercifully for a womanish fellow (he's intensely masculine), but he can't help it.

There's Thompson, another Scotchman (the mess is fairly infested with Scots), who is dental surgeon. His gift is disconcerting repartee; with which he occasionally routs the O.C.

These are the officers. But what of the sisters. There are eight of them. When

you have said they are entirely unselfish you have included most attributes. That includes an irrepressible spirit that no continuity of labour can break. It includes gentleness, which familiarity with pain in others does not quench. And it includes a contempt of personal comfort that must sometimes amaze even themselves if they ever find time to grow either introspective or retrospective. They sleep in tents; they lack fuel; they shiver by the hour in damp beds unless exhaustion drives them to sleep; and they rise in the murky morning to don sodden garments. They work hard and without intermission for twelve or sixteen hours, and indefinitely when a "stunt" has brought the convoys from the line. But none of these things beats them down.

The theatre sisters deserve immortalisation. All the qualities of patience and gentleness, endurance and cheerfulness seem intensified in them.

They have not the smallest objection to your watching them work in the theatre; nor have the surgeons. Rather, they encourage you and get you to help in a minor way when the place is busy.

It is rarely on receiving day that four tables are not in use simultaneously. This makes it inevitable that the victims, as they are brought in and laid out for the anasthetic, see within six feet sights not calculated to fortify them. Some smile in hardy fashion. Some smile in a fashion that is not hardy. The abject terror of those wretches out of whom pain has long since beaten all the fortitude, is horrible to see. What must be the state of that man, made helpless by unassuaged suffering, who sees the scalpel at work upon a fellow beside him?—the gaping incision, the merciless pruning of the shattered limb, the hideous bloodiness of the steaming stump at amputation, and hears the sterterous breathing of the subject and his agonised sub-conscious moaning, which has all the infection of terror that actual suffering would convey?

Yes; this is inevitable. There can be no privacy. Despatch is everything. Nowhere is rapidity so urged as in the theatre of a C.C.S. It means lives. The hideous gas—gangrene forms and suppurates in a single hour. This is the worst enemy of the field hospital surgeon. Half-an hour's postponement of operation—even less—may mean death. And in other cases, if the preliminary operation is not performed in time for the case to move by A.T. for finishing at the base, it may cost a life equally. The surgeon has not time to fortify his victim by explanation or exhortation. He is lifted from stretcher to table, the anasthetist takes his seat at the head, sprinkles the mask, and applies it The surgeon moves up (he has already seen the case in ward), the sterterous breathing begins, the sister attends and places ready to his hand what the surgeon requires in swabs and implements, and with the impressive directness of long and varied experience the incision is made and the table is in a moment stained. But let there be no confounding of rapidity with haste; despatch with carelessness. As much time as is necessary, so much will be given, but not more. Most striking feature of all is the curiously impersonal and scientific thoroughness of the surgeon here; this, and the providential faculty of humour in both surgeons and sisters in the throes of it all—without which the tragedy of the place would be overwhelming. The case is treated with the impersonality (and the persistence) due to a scientific problem, annd as such is wrestled with. Three hours will be given, if necessary, and sometimes they are. It is a grim and continuous fight with death, without intermission. But like any successful warrior, the surgeon jokes in the midst of it A smile—even a gentle guffaw—comes with a strange effect in this place of blood, but it "saves the situation." This, with the marked impersonality of the surgeon, can be nothing but reassuring to the potential victim waiting his turn on the adjacent table.

One does not realise until he sees it what hard physical labour an amputation involves—with scalpel and saw—nor how bloodless it can be, nor how revolting is the warm stink of steaming human flesh suddenly exposed, nor how interest swamps repulsion as you watch a skull trephined, nor how utterly strange, for the first time, is the sight of a man lying there with his intestines drawn forth reposing upon his navel.

A man can suffer many wounds and still live—one man with multiple bomb and shell wounds, not a limb untouched, an

arm and a leg gone, a skull trephined, fragments extracted from thigh and chest and shoulder; the other hand shattered; to say nothing of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores innumerable. Human endurance and survival can become incredible.

There are sessions in the theatre at which an orderly is kept almost busy passing between the M.O.'s registering for purposes of record, the nature of the operation.

"What shall I enter, sir?"

"Appendicitis acute—abdomen closed," says P——.

"If you had not added abdomen closed," says R——, "would one be at liberty to infer it had been left open?"

"Get your head read," says P——.

The orderly passes on.

"What's this, sir?"

"Damn you. Can't you see I'm busy?" K—— is boring, with all the strength of his massive shoulders, into the skull of his case. Trephining is, literally, hard work, but not that alone.

L—— is cutting, cutting, cutting at the buttock of the wretch, paring the hideous gas-gangrene as one would pare the rottenness from an apple. A third surgeon is probing for bomb-splinters in rear of the thigh, and getting them. The man is splintered all over. For one horrible moment you conceive him as suddenly and treacherously deprived of unconsciousness with ——boring here to the brain membrane, —— slicing generally at his buttock, and ——probing relentlessly to the bone in the gaping incision.

"Well, it certainly looks as though we are doing what we like," says ——.

It is rather bloody. Yet the C.O. says the most revolting operation to watch is that of the removal of a finger nail.

"If we go much further he'll drop his sub-conscious ire upon us," says——.

"Yes, I suppose his sub-consciousness is protesting in blasphemous silence. Pourquoi?"

"Stitches, sister," says ——, at the head. The blood clot has flowed, and in a twinkling the triangular exposure of skull is covered by the stitched scalp.

"He'll be easier," says ——.

Another begins the tabulation of his multiple wounds. They cover half a page. It's a miracle of symbolism which can suggest all that man has suffered (and has yet to suffer) in the handwriting of half a page.

"Clear, thank God!" says ——, as Multiple Wounds is borne out insensible half-an-hour later. "It's eleven, and I've been here since the middle of the morning, and I could almost sleep. Good night, sister. I'm off."

So they go to the freezing dampness of their camp stretchers. The orderlies set about "cleaning up."

But at one they're all called. The rail head, three kilometres off, has been shelled, A convoy has brought forty casualties. Half of them must pass through the theatre without delay. So the nerve-jangling work recommences and goes on past the murky dawn, beyond the breakfast hour. It is snowing hard. They are hard-pressed to keep the theatre warm enough for delicate surgery. To equalise the temperature has become impossible. But things are as they are, and cannot be bettered, and there will come an end to this spurt, though how long will be the respite, who can say? It would be longer if the surgeons were not so dangerously understaffed. There's —— on a long-deferred and necessary leave; there are —— and —— also have fallen ill; one through the over-strain of incessant surgery, the other a victim to his sopping, inclement tent. The watchword is "carry on." There may be assistance by importation to the staff; on the other hand, there may not. There will be, if possible, but the pressure is severe all over the Somme hospitals during the offensive, and the bases are drained.

The hospital railhead was shelled one afternoon. One may have the charity to surmise the Hun was shooting at the aerodrome, which stands 700 yards from the hospital, for the shell fell about the aerodrome rather than in the C.C.S. However that may be, shell did burst in the hospital either by accident or design.

The order was to evacuate immediately The colonel ordered the sisters to enter a car and be transported beyond range. They declined. The colonel—a bachelor—not skilled in negotiation with the long-haired sex, commanded the matron to command them. The matron ordered them

to their tents to prepare to flit. She went to them in ten minutes' time.

"Are you ready?"

"No, matron, there's a small mutiny brewing here. If the patients are to go, we're going with them." "I'm not going. I was just in the middle of my dressings. I'm going to finish the others." "They shan't go without us, matron."

So with a splendid indignation they disobeyed. The matron is accustomed to obedience, but she didn't get it. She went to the colonel and explained.

" Well, damn 'em, the witches! Let 'em have their way!"

The matron broke into a run. "Take your flasks and your hyperdermies; you can go."

So they superintended all the removings, attending here and there with the merciful preliminary syringe; and when the preliminaries to the journey were over jumped up with the car-drivers, and the evacuation began into a field on the —— road. Those that could walk, walked; and some that couldn't well walk had to do so. Mental cases were dragged raving through the mud and cursed into acquiescence. The halt, the maimed and the blind (and the blind were many) straggled painfully through the mire or were led with gentle haste. Only where it was inevitable were cases laid in the too-inadequate motor ambulances or on the stretcher carts. Haste was the first necessity, with the shell screaming momentarily overhead and spreading death and desolation about the neighbourhood.

They laid them out in rows, by wards. Some were dying. Some died en route. Some died in the grass, cut by the bitter wind as they lay there gazing into the unkindly heaven. The rain came in frozen gusts. Those still hovering on the borderline were blown and soaked into death. The groaning of the wounded was hideous. Shattered limbs are hard to bear in the complete comfort of a civilian hospital. What is a wounded man to do but die, exposed to the pelting rain of the Somme winter? So they went on dying. Brandy and hot tea and cigarettes brought a transient consolation. Most men were insensible to aid from such fragmentary comfort. The colonel began to see that the risk from shell fire was not more dangerous than this from exposure, and ordered a return. Sisters, doctors, patients concurred with equal fervour, and so they were taken back.

The shelling had ceased.

Next morning came the ambulance train.

A Lament.

We did debate a while ago
On cinematographs,
Logicians did exhale logic,
And fools supplied the laughs.

The meeting was informal quite,
Although a large affaire,
We did not wear our caps and gowns,
Some haven't them to wear.

Some knew, and some were not quite sure
Which side they were upon;
For those against were often for,
And many pros were con.

The students there proved without doubt
That cinemas are bad ;
And picture shows should all be shunned
By every lass and lad.

But I have heard a rumour strange,
It pains me to relate
About an undergrad who took
A part in our debate.

The person who relates, it seems,
While walking down the street,
Was quite confounded and amazed
By what his eyes did meet.

For from some dark and gloomy depths
An undergrad there came ;
The placards bright around him showed
A picture place of fame,

But still, although this be a sin,
To see a picture show,
Yet this was worse, a bigger crime—
At least, I deem it so.

Alas Alack! Can it be true,
As I have heard declare,
That he was seen accompanied by
An undergradess fair ?

—Gooseberry.

Universities' Examination in Music.

On the 22nd May last, representatives of the Australian Universities and the State Conservatorium of Music, Sydney, met in conference. The primary object of the conference was to induce the Conservatorium to affiliate with the Universities in their scheme of Public Examinations in Music.

At the close of the deliberations, the New South Wales representatives reported that, subject to the adjustment of certain details, and to their being able to satisfy themselves on certain other points, they would recommend the entry of the Conservatorium into the interstate scheme previously adopted by the Universities.

The following address was delivered during the conference, by Mr. G. Sampson, representative of the Queensland University:—

"I have to thank Mr. Verbrugghen for so kindly inviting me to become a member of this Conference. I accepted his invitation gladly, because I consider this to be one of the most important meetings, as far as music is concerned, that have ever taken place in Australia. We have in our hands practically the making or marring of musical education. In a case of this sort casual conversation is of little value. We want the considered judgment of each member of the Conference, not only with regard to the question of the Sydney Conservatorium's joining the affiliated Universities, but also with regard to what form of syllabus and what kind of examination tests will satisfy those of us responsible for musical education. We must cease from being parochial and look at the question from a universal point of view. The cause of music must be our only aim, and I reserve all my admiration and respect for the Conservatorium or University that possesses the highest ideals and most generous enthusiasm.

"It is most desirable that this great Sydney Conservatorium should be affiliated with us, not only because its adhesion gives us the control of all Australian musical education but by reason of the weighty musical ability it will bring to our Councils. The whole question, therefore, is so important that I make no apology for stating very plainly my views with regard to musical education and musical examinations.

"If we are honest with ourselves, we must own that when money is given for musical purposes by Governments or private individuals, it is given with chiefly one end in view, a materialistic one—i.e., that music may gratify the senses, give pleasure, and increase the gaiety of nations. The donors seldom or never contemplate that music, rightly used, stands for righteousness, character, and wisdom. Only a week or so ago, I read an article in the "Times," stating emphatically that education as carried out by civilised nations, had failed by being purely materialistic, and that, after the war, a complete and drastic reconstruction of our educational methods must take place in which spirituality must have a leading place, otherwise we breed nothing but intellectual barbarians, a type of savage much more vicious than any ignorant barbaric race the world has ever seen. I have ventured to write to the "Times," asking that the claims of music, as a compulsory subject in all educational schemes may be considered, because music is the only medium that is entirely spiritual, that is incorruptible, and that demands a complete power over expression.

"But if we musicians are to come into our own, we must ask ourselves if we are ready for such a general recognition of music as the supreme educator. Can we say that our ordinary educational methods that our text books that our schemes of musical examinations are any less materialistic than in any other form of education? I fear not. As far as I can see, musicians are little more than a body of individualistic emotionalists, each unit a law unto himself. My experience, which doubtless coincides with yours, is that performers play solely by imitation, and can give no reason for any extraordinary musical mispronunciation they may make except that they were taught so, or that some public performer did something like it. In my own experience as a student, I cannot remember ever having been reproved for a false emphasis, and I became a public performer without being able to

give any reasons for the way I pronounced the musical language. The famous conductor, Richter, rehearsing his orchestra in the old St. James' Hall, London, was the first man who, unconsciously, told me that the unrhythmic were musically damned. I have never yet struck an orchestral play who intelligently understood how to mould the strength of the notes of a musical sentence correctly, or one who had ever even heard of bar-rythm. The same weakness with regard to the fundamental verities of music belongs to our leaders of musical thought. For them it is quite enough that they like a certain thing to say it is right, and if you meekly ask them for a reason, you are fed with wind, and feeble suggestions that it might be otherwise, or that they think that possibly the composer thought, &c., &c. In any other science this would be considered contemptible, and if these are the sort of foundations laid for us by our musical guides, is it any wonder that music as a serious subject for education has never entered the heads of Governments or Universities? Although a very busy man, I sometimes amuse myself by firing a shot at one of these great men. I have never yet got any instruction or enlightenment for my pains—only the sort of feeble vagueness that I have referred to.

"I am, of course, talking about the spiritual not the materialistic side of music. On the latter we are I believe, sound and healthy. On the spiritual or musical side of music, however, we cultivate personal emotion without that emotion being grounded on the unshakable foundation of eternal law. The Great Architect of the universe created all its beauty and emotion on the firm base of steady rhythmic pulsation. Noble cathedrals with all their wealth of ornamentation are noble, not because of this exquisite decoration, but by reason of their design, with their lines as true as compass and rule can make them. Which of us can make or appreciate beauty while standing on a quicksand or in peril of life? Yet the simple truth that, to be an artist, we must first stand four-square, unshaken by all the tempests of passion and emotion, and portray these passions and emotions while master of them, is ignored both in our education and our examinations. It is, therefore, clear that before fixing our syllabus we must differentiate between the musical and the material side of our subject—the musical being that which only the musician can accomplish, and the material being that which any hard-working Philistine can successfully achieve.

"The musician must possess three powers—(a) A trained imagination to see clearly the picture he has to express, (b) a power of will to execute with the faulty material tools at his disposal the delicate variations of strength demanded by the picture, (c) a power over time so strong and inflexible that amidst all the tempest of emotion and passion he can drive his musical chariot with god-like dominance. With the exception of the great conductors, I have rarely found a musician who was capable of driving a pair of tame rabbits. Feeble, amiable ramblers in music are passed in the thousands as capable musicians by all our examining bodies. They have seldom, in most cases never, been tested by the only test worthy of the application—i.e., the power to make music on the spur of the moment unaided by outside suggestion or advice.

"Put in a nutshell, faulty music is the result of two things only—false strength and false length; in other words, the wrong strength at the wrong time. The outside world has a firm conviction that musicians are a peculiar people living in a world of their own, a dim, misty, spooky world where there are no laws, no morals, no manners, no anything but emotionalistic fireworks. As a matter of fact, the real musician is the exact antithesis to this. He is as alert as the captain of a torpedo boat, as sane as a judge, and possesses a power of will over time that almost qualifies him to drive the horses of the sun. There is nothing peculiar about the musician beyond his medium. The same powers over expression are necessary in every other art, profession, or business. The surgeon performing a difficult and delicate operation must visualise accurately what is required, and then, with the medium of the lancet or knife, use exact strength. Let him cut a fraction of an inch too deep, and death ensues. The potter with plastic clay first pictures a beautiful form, and then by strength and weakness creates a thing of beauty. The artist, with the medium of pencil, chalk,

or colour, reproduces, by lights and shadows, deep or shallow lines, the beautiful picture he conceives or sees; and the musician, with a medium much more beautiful, much more elastic, and much more elusive, because unseen, must mould to the finest point possible the strengths and weaknesses, the crests and depressions which, combined with a driving power over time, alone can paint the musical picture. Do our students know this? My experience, which I trust is different from yours, says "No!"—emphatically "No!" As long as the tone is right, as long as the notes are right, nothing else is looked for or asked for.

"False strength and false length, therefore, constitute the only musical errors. All other errors belong to the material world, and can be eliminated by any clever, and intellectual Philistine. I exclude the pitch blind and time blind; they, like the colour blind, are incapable of anything. I am not saying that, if our students are trained in the knowledge of these fundamental verities, they will accomplish much; they will only go as far as the grace of God will let them. It is given to only the few to be great orators or great musicians. But I say, and I say most emphatically, that the scientific basis on which music rests should be known by every school boy and school girl, so that the musicians amongst them shall not grow up, as I did, without a creed and without a knowledge of how to reproduce for themselves and by themselves the works of great minds. We lack a creed; we lack a few "I believes" which will brook of no contradiction. As I have a contempt for destruction without construction, I venture to state a few foundation truths which seem to me to be neglected.

1. Music is expression using as its medium musical sounds.
2. As a form of education music is supreme because it is the only medium that is incorruptible, and because it demands a command over the three things necessary to complete expression—(a) Imagination, (b) the power of will over accurate strength, (c) the power of will over accurate length.
3. In the normal rhythmic flow no two notes in a bar are of the same strength.
4. No two following bars are of the same strength. Normally the strength of the bars follows exactly the strength of the beats in the bar.
5. Unless the composer wills otherwise, the rythmic flow must never be disturbed by material difficulties or personal emotions.
6. A melody or phrase stands as the composer's only so long as each note bears a certain strength in relation to all the notes preceding and following it. Any other interpretation is a libel upon the composer.
7. The last note or sentence is of less strength and length than its normal value.

"These to me are some of the eternal principles that govern our musical language, and should be printed in letters of gold in every classroom of the world. Insisted upon, they promote discipline, sacrifice, and humility, virtues which are not always conspicuous in our noble profession.

"Having said this, you will understand that in drafting a syllabus and allotting marks, I would divide the syllabus into two sections—(a) Material, (b) Musical.

"It is constantly being stated that it is desirable to raise the standard of our examinations. Statements of this kind cause much confusion of thought unless we are all quite clear as to what such statements really mean. For example, a difficult syllabus is not necessarily equivalent to a high standard. The syllabus once evolved is a fixed quantity. The standard must always be a fluctuating one, however much we may try to guard against it. A standard is high or low mechanically or musically according to (a) the number of marks apportioned to the musical side of the syllabus, (b) the capability of the examiner to do his work.

'No scientifically arranged syllabus is possible until we learn thus to divide the material or mechanical work from the musical work. It is a comparatively simple matter to choose music and technical studies of a suitable difficulty for each grade. This being successfully

accomplished, the standard may then be fixed, as far as is humanly possible, by the value of marks we place upon the material as against the musical side of our syllabus.

"The syllabus, as I should like to see it, would be somewhat as follows, subject to modification:—

Material Work.—Prepared work, 25; technical work, 15; general knowledge, 10; total, 50.

Musical Work.—Works selected by examiner, 25; *rhythmic test, 15; *sight reading test, 10; total, 50. (*These are failing subjects.)

"By making the rhythmic and sight reading tests 'failing' subjects, we should point the narrow way which leads both teachers and students to musical salvation. We should pass fewer candidates, but they would do us credit and advertise the soundness of our methods. Tone and technique, qualities which are admirable as servants, but contemptible as masters, will be forced down into their proper place, and the musician who consciously controls these servants will have a chance of being exalted.

"I firmly believe that if we could be united, and could formulate and carry out a syllabus on these sound principles, we would give a lead to musical education which would not only place us in the forefront of all other musical bodies in the world, but would redound to our credit for all time."

Friends from the Film.

(By "Henry IX.")

Scrupulously attired in a twelve-guinea evening dress with powdered face, my hair stiff with oil, and my whole person fragrant with the prime products of Parisian perfumeries (all P's, printer, please!), I paced my marble halls. But I was ill at ease—not actually vexed, not angered—but sorely irritable, as my servants well knew. I pressed the electric button, and a flunkey looking like a gigantic black and white beetle, was fawning before me. "Richard," I ordered, "turn on the fans." The fans whirred and I paced on. All the while my temper was being sorely tested. My collar was continuously sawing my ears, my starched cravat seemed to be in my way wherever I went—and I was unable to sit down. How I cursed the tailor who made me a small size in trousers!

My mansion, like myself, was in its best array: The verdant lawns, the trees, and shrubs, from which here and there peeped forth marble figures, and the wide chip-marble pathways cutting the grounds with mathematical precision—all constituted a pleasing harmony of glorious green and dazzling white. I stepped out and surveyed my Eden from the balustrade. At the bottom of the gardens Juno was holding aloft a golden orb, which glistened like a miniature sun. Nearer, a muscular Roman athlete seemed to be for ever endeavouring to hurl the discus; and nearer still was another figure, standing aloft on a pedestal in the midst of a stone-edged pool. For a moment I gazed with admiration upon it, but something was lacking—its beauty was not yet complete. "Turn on the fountain of Venus," I ordered, and immediately the marble goddess was bathing in a rainbow of spray. It was the consummation of beauty. I was satisfied—and paced on.

I proceeded to the drawing room and entered in time to see one of the butlers rise from an armchair and hastily depart. I did not mind his presence in the room or in the chair, but I strongly objected to the liberty he took with my half-crown cigars.

My garments were now tempting me towards unprintable language, and my cravat was more than ever in my way, when I paused at a table and picked up a volume. Absent-mindedly, I opened it and read a few lines. They were heavy, mournful lines from "Paradise Lost"—that book above all at such a juncture! In disgust I cast aside the piece of Miltonic verbosity, and when my above-mentioned flunkey hastened to recover it, an idea suddenly came into my mind. Moreover, my idea proved correct. The fellow

confessed that he had been digesting this with the help of my cigars, when suddenly disturbed. I offered him my congratulations, and promised him a "complete Milton" if he could satisfactorily perform his duties and simultaneously consume "Paradise Lost." Any further remarks on his part were rudely interrupted by my sending him for the chief steward.

This worthy, who was also my private secretary, came in immediately. "You are quite sure it is this afternoon they are coming," I asked him. "Quite," he assured me, and in confirmation pulled out his note-book and read:—"4 p.m., Wednesday, 27th, Film Evening.—Invitations were issued to——" "Thanks, that is enough," I interrupted. "Any further orders?" "No," I replied, "but there are a few things I would like to say. As there will be ladies present this afternoon tell the servants I want the quintessence of good manners. For the afternoon the cook has the monopoly of bad language—as nobody will hear him. Just see that there are sufficient cigars in my smoking room; take Jacques round with you and see that the French on the menus is spelt correctly, and——"

My further directions were interrupted by the rattle of herculean engines. I rushed to the front of the mansion in time to see a lady stepping from a powerful car. The chauffeur closed the door, she whispered a few directions to him, the engines rattled again, and the car was disappearing down the drive. I recognised the curls in a moment, and while the visitor was admiring Venus I descended the stone steps to meet her. "Oh, Miss Picklefoot," I uttered in my embarrassment, "how pleased I am to see you alive." I will admit the statement was somewhat crude, but Mary knew what I meant and gave me one of those reassuring smiles. She expressed her delight in the gardens and statuary, and I assisted her up the steps. When cordialities had been exchanged I directed her to a dressing-room, where a maid specially engaged for the afternoon assisted her in removing cloak and hat. After preliminary repairs to hair, face, and appearance generally, she returned, and we proceeded to the drawing-room, where the first thing that met her gaze was a coloured reproduction of herself. She blushed momentarily, but immediately began to make herself at home, and took quite a delight in my art collection. I congratulated her on being the first guest of the afternoon, and offered her a chair. We talked about her last production, and she told me of one then in preparation. Soon I was receiving much inside knowledge of the picture business, and asked her several questions which for some time I had been burning to solve. For example, I sought information concerning those lovely tears which she managed to shed at such convenient times throughout her productions; and it appears that they are not drops of glycerine, but pure Pickford products. She was most candid and simple, and altogether we had a most confidential fifteen minutes.

She was telling me about home and British Columbia, when a car arrived and I sent a servant to usher in the visitors. For some time, however, no one appeared. There was some noise and apparently argument with the chauffeur over fares, but this was at length settled and the newcomer, after repeated efforts, succeeded in ascending the steps, falling over the servant at the top. Of course, I knew who was coming. Chaplin, Esq., waddled in, hung his stick on the electric light arrangement, shoved his hat in the globe of gold-fish and fossilised to fire-brick on seeing Mary Pickford. I greeted him cordially, but he seemed to be under a spell, and only after I had introduced him to the lady did the comedian come to his proper senses, if he had any at all.

When placed in a chair and given something to smoke he became quite normal enough to be polite and carry on intelligent conversation. He "talked the film" to Miss Pickford, and complained of the paltry pittance he was getting for his pictures. I immediately saw my chance, and began to construct an airy castle. With myself as director, we three would form a Film Corporation—the 'Chaplin-Pickford" Trust, and sweep the screen. I was progressing wonderfully in my scheme, the Pickford part of it was quite agreeable, and the other half only needed a little coaxing—when I was unexpectedly interrupted by an individual who walked in the front door on his hands. He carried his cane in his mouth, and with his foot offered his hat to the flunkey. Finally, with a magnificent vault, he deposit-

ed himself in a large armchair, as Douglas Fairbanks. Of course I knew the fellow couldn't help it; with limbs so harmoniously proportioned and leather so costly, he walks on his hands to save wear and tear on his boots.

The former visitor had scarcely seated himself when two cars drew up at the foot of the steps. The "sentry" announced "ladies," and I rose to meet them. The occupant of the first car I did not recognise for some time, but the matchless figure betrayed Annette Kellerman. I had always known this lady as a fishy thing in aquatic attire, acting in unnatural parts for the purpose of displaying her capabilities in wet surroundings—and as such she never appealed to me. Thus I was pleased to find that Annette, when dry, was far more charming than "Neptune's Daughter." However, there is always something too unnatural and unfeminine about the lady, so that, in spite of her marine prowess, she never got within a league of my heart.

The other car, a gigantic Rolls-Royce, contained two occupants. Birds of a feather—and so do vampires. The visitors were the two well-known "film devils," Olga Petrova and Theda Bara. A vampire? Well, it's the feminine counterpart of the satanic Mephistopheles. Clad usually in the fig-leaf style, with plenty of darkness about the eyes, they wear a sneering smile, and carry themselves pompously through four acts. In the fifth they usually stop a bullet, or perhaps a carver, as did Carmen.

We were all seated again and I had given orders for refreshments, when a servant came to me with the news that there was an armed man in the garden, who wanted to see the "boss." The next moment the company shivered as two shots were fired in quick succession. I knew who it was, and went out to see Wm. S. Hart, the smoking guns and the pretty piebald. " 'Day," he nodded. I couldn't find yer knocker, so I just knocked my own." "Yes," I thought to myself, "you have 'knocked' a good few with those instruments." "Fine shanty," he exclaimed as he turned his horse loose upon the lawn. I was pleased with his gruff manner, and proceeded to lead him up the steps. When near the top he suddenly turned round to view the gardens. He immediately saw something and fired. "I can't resist a temptation," he explained, and I understood what he meant, when the dust cleared away, and I saw an empty-handed Juno at the bottom of the garden.

The effect produced on the various members of the company, by the entry of my western friend, was interesting—ranging from apparent contempt on the part of the vampires to fear on the part of Chaplin. Having nodded to the company Hart took a chair, remarking that he never expected to collide with "sassiety," and on that account had never developed the "toney touch." Meanwhile he offered some "leaf" to Chaplin, and the gentlemen carried on a conversation amid clouds of smoke.

* * * *

Sociability had developed among the visitors, and the gentlemen especially had gained confidence, when Olga Petrova stopped the conversation for the third time to admire a large rose which lifted its head proudly from a bowl placed in a window. I was just rising to present her with the blossom when one of Hart's guns went off. I fell back in my chair. On coming to my senses I looked round for blood, and as the others regained consciousness they did the same. However, there was no cause for fear. The red rose had disappeared from the bowl, but Hart was picking it up and presenting it to a smiling Olga. "Too hot!" muttered Fairbanks, and Charlie thought so, too.

The dinner gong sounded, and the company rose. There was an ogling of eyes, a shuffle, and the party moved off in twos. I decline to give details, suffice it to say that there was one pair left after the host had linked Mary, after Charlie had grabbed Annette, and after Olga had taken Bill Hart.

'Do you go to sleep with your guns?" asked Mr. Fairbanks as Hart took his seat. "Waal, out back 'taint a wise thing to be awake without them," grinned the westerner. "Oh, do tell us something about it," begged Miss Kellermann as she showed Charlie what to do with a serviette. "Have you really ever shot anybody quite dead!" asked Miss Pickford tremulously. "Waal, I haven't got my book with me at present, so I can't give yer particulars," explained Hart. "Yer know yer have to

do something to make a bloke understand yer out there—but I never try to 'King' a chap complete." "In a scrap I usually shoot for their gun-hand," he continued; "but I missed it once." "Oh, tell us about it," asked Mr. Fairbanks. "'Taint a dinner-time tale," explained Hart, "but as y' seem interested, I'll do my best. 'Twas two years ago, and I was helpin' the President to preserve the law down Texas way. El Paso was the name of the "joint"— real crook hole. Waal, I was in the saloon there one night, and I was expectin' trouble from a Mexican demon, who had the whole town bluffed. He was drinkin' in the shanty, and I was waitin' for a charge against him. I didn't wait long. He pulled out his guns, and in two seconds everybody was behind things. Then he started to run amuck complete. He got one chap in the arm, and he broke a bottle behind my head—but I waited for the next. The next "dropped" a girl who was running a fruit and "fag" stall outside. That was enough. The devil or Wilson himself couldn't have stopped me then. I just emptied two guns at him, and by the time the crowd had finished you could see through him."

We shuddered, and that sufficed till dinner was over.

* * * *

The gentlemen had finished the post-prandial cigars, and the whole company was assembled in the large chamber adjoining the dining-room. From a dais at the further end a trio of Russian musicians, specially engaged, proceeded to provide us with a mental feast. We had everything from the pathos of "Mignon" and the mingled feelings of "Faust" to the Grand Finale from "Tannhauser," together with selections from "Carmen" for the vampires.

The company could only do one thing—enjoy it ecstatically. Even Hart was affected, especially by the "Marseillaise." Said he, "Go round the West with that and a concertina, and you'll have an emigration of gun-men."

Under such circumstances the hours sped with inconvenient rapidity, and it was late when I suggested that Terpsichore should close the proceedings. The ladies agreed, and the orchestra at my behest descended to the level of the "Merry Widow." The waltz went gloriously—something like this ..... Alas! it is too ethereal to be described. Its concomitant feelings are too sublime to be conveyed by the materialistic pen and paper. It had too come to an end some time, and so it did, shortly before midnight.

* * * *

The cars were lined up at the garden steps, and the headlight of the leading car lit up the entire drive, as the company filed out on the verandah, and the farewell ceremonies began.

"You'll come again, Miss Pickford?" I said. "I will be delighted," she replied, and smiled as I squeezed her hand. "I hope to have the pleasure of your company again," said I, addressing the remaining ladies. "We have had a most delightful evening," they replied, as I shook hands with them as they got into their cars. "And you?" said I, turning to the gentlemen. "Bet yer life," laughed Mr. Fairbanks. "Sure," coughed Chaplin. But Hart had three more cartridges left, so—

Bang——Bang——Bang!

* * * *

I was dimly conscious of some one banging a broom on the floor near me. "You'll come again?" I muttered dreamily.

"No! I won't," said a gruff voice; "this is the third time I've been round to wake yeh up since the show stopped. If yeh wanted to camp here for the night, yeh should have told the manager and brought yer blankets."

" 'Orright," said I—and with the sound of Hart's guns still ringing in my ears, I staggered out into the dimly lighted streets.

To my Sister.

This 'Varsity unto its very brim,
The amorous porch, is full with lore supreme;
To its ant-eaten vestibule the skim
Of over-clever people drifts; the cream
In rooms upstairs is found. Bright glances gleam
From female undergrads, whom when I see,
"Or I am mad, or else this is a dream"
Unordered starts. But, pleasing tho' it be,
All this would doubly joy my soul wert thou with me.

Anon.

[I take this opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness to that interesting pamphlet of Mr. Seymour's, dealing with the abolition or alternative retention of this University, and to Mr. William Shakespeare in his "Twelfth Night." The last line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Byron's, the exact expression of which I do not recollect.

—Anon.

A Naval Victory.

A naval victory!

How the heart of Britain throbbed with pride at the exploits of her gallant sailor sons, and how the mother heart of Britain ached for the loss of those noble lives, for the torn and broken bodies that the blue deep sea, drew down into its embrace—mourned but not for the gallant spirits. These had passed as they would have wished, those hearts "would go singing, singing, singing to the gates of Paradise!"

Oh, this love of the sea, the blue, blue sea all a-swell with foam-tipped breakers—now laughing, gold-gleaming beneath a warm sun—now still as sleep, now mighty currents, passions working beneath its broad bosom, stirring its placid surface; now raging in a stormy mood, now penitent like a child, with a sob-like sound in the beat of its waves!

Oh, this love of the sea, how it binds and holds our British men! It is their glorious battlefield, war or no war! To die upon it is their pride, whether the storm wrack sweeps them down or whether the shells that belch from German guns tear their boats asunder!

But the women—ah! pity women! Many of them, too, love the sea, it is in their blood, but their loves wrench their hearts.

The roar of the storm leaves them trembling, wan with fear for their dear ones—the thunder of guns blanches their cheeks, stark terror stares from their eyes.

Ah. pity women!

"A naval victory, but great loss sustained by our fleet," and then details of the ships that were lost.

The streets of the little port were thronged with women chiefly, anxious-faced women, a few old men, too, were there—many children, a little sprinkling of khaki—but the young men were conspicuous by their absence.

The lists of the killed and wounded were to be posted up at noon.

The sky was gray, lowering; rain fell at intervals, but what matter bodily discomfort when the heart was numb with fear, when it seemed all feeling, all sensation were in a trance, waiting, waiting to be stung into quivering life.

There was the hush of expectancy over the crowd—voices were low, and spoke only at rare intervals. A girl stood alone near a post; her face was white, rigid, the brave mouth was pressed into a thin, faint, red line. Her eyes were fixed away above the heads of the crowd with the expression of one who sees visions.

Her coat was thin and pitifully insufficient for the weather, but she felt neither damp nor cold.

Her throat ached, and a quiver passed over her white face.

"Donald," she whispered, soundlessly, and yet again, "Donald."

His eyes, blue as the sea he loved, were smiling down at her, tender, encouraging, bracing.

"Carry on, dear," he had said to her before he left. "That must be your

watchword, too, little wife, who have got the pitiful job of waiting and working while we go out and fight. God bless all you dear women we fight for. You are so surely worth it.''

She felt his strong mouth on hers, his arms about her.

His brown, merry face was tantalisingly clear and close.

''God, he can't be dead,'' she whispered, shivering at the thought of all that brave life that was in him—all that love, that steady endurance gone down, perhaps battered and torn, beneath the waves.

'' 'E can't be dead,'' a woman's voice said beside her, not with certainty, but with a woeful fighting of fear.

The girl turned and looked at her. She was a little careworn woman, thin and harassed, old before her time. In her arms she carried a restless, crying baby, and two small children clung to her draggled skirts.

She saw the girl's eyes upon her, and was glad to talk to anyone in her need.

'' 'E can't be dead,'' she repeated, ''my man, 'e was on the 'Queen Mary,' 'e was, and they do say that most of 'er crew is lost. But we can't do without 'im, me and the kids. God couldn't expect us to, could 'E? There's six of them, three besides these, and none of them old enough to work, and I'm not over strong meself. The pension's all right, but it's not our men.''

The girl reached out for the child—glad to find something to do for another in this terrible time of waiting.

She quietened it against her shoulder; such a thin, puny little thing. For one moment her thoughts flew forward to the child that would come to her and Donald. He would be brave and strong like his father, another true man for England.

But if Donald were killed. Her thoughts stopped and came back to the awful present of waiting.

A very old woman near them was talking.

''I've got four sons on the 'Queen Mary,' '' she said. ''They can't all be gone.''

It was almost terrible, that dull acquiescence that some of the fine sons of her body must be gone—dead for Britain's sake—terrible if it had not been so splendid.

A young man took up the broken thread of conversation. It is a precious bond of fellowship, this hanging sorrow.

None who looked at him could blame his presence there. He was thin almost to emaciation, a hacking cough repeatedly shook his weak frame.

''My brother was on the 'Warrior,' '' he said; ''they wouldn't take me, though I might have done a bit before I went under. God knows my life is not much good as it is.'' His eyes were desperate, haggard.

The girl looked at him pityingly. Oh, the hearts that were being laid bare before her.

The words of a group of soldiers floated to them. They were Australians; it spoke from their pleasant drawl, their giant physique and merry brown faces quietened to manly seriousness now. They had paid their price at Gallipoli, and were ready again for France—gay, indomitable spirits—''our singing soldiers.''

''We've swiped them, anyway, swiped them hard,'' one of them was saying, ''and we've paid the price, a heavy one, too. But, Lord, we've got to be willing to do something for this Britain of ours.'' He was an Australian born and bred, but the affection and pride that was in his voice as he said ''this Britain of ours!''

He looked round at the white women faces and thought of one who waited on a little farm out-back, waited and watched with just such an anxious face.

''And after all it's these poor blessed women that suffer the most,'' he said, softly.

Pity women!

The lists were out!

The words were whispered along, there was no pushing, no jostling, but just a long, steady surge forward. The girl found herself being carried along, the baby still on her shoulder, the woman clinging to her arm.

It was all dream-like, until she found herself gazing at those black lists, those long, long black lists.

Then something leaps to life within her something fierce, hungry, primitive.

Down the lists her eyes raced, ''Not there, not there,'' she panted half aloud.

''Not there—not killed,'' her voice thrilled out in her gladness,

In the list of the wounded she found his name, but not among the serious cases.

She lifted her eyes to the gray heavens, her heart singing straight to God her joy and her thanksgiving.

For one moment she was selfish, absolutely, almost cruelly selfish.

Then she heard a low moan at her side —felt the little woman lurch against her

She looked down at the death-white face of one who had found the name she sought.

"'E's killed! 'e's killed!" she moaned. "an' Gawd knows what we're goin' to do. The pension's not much for a fam'ly like mine."

The bitter, hard facts of life would not even let her sorrow for her dead.

The girl's selfishness lay slain, her joy had become a reproach in this crowd of weeping women.

The old woman who had four sons on the "Queen Mary" suddenly began to laugh—horrible. grating laughing with madness in it.

"All of them gone," she cried aloud, "All of them gone, my four bonny boys. Now God can take me. If there had only been one left—just one."

Still laughing in that high-pitched voice she pushed her way through the crowd.

The thin consumptive young man tried to hold her, but she thrust him away.

"We're better dead, you and me, sonny, better dead," she said.

And with stricken face and bowed shoulders he followed after her.

There was no loud sorrow; at every one of those terrible hours women are grieving, grieving; and if the tears come, thank God! For they strengthen and save, give sanity.

No wailing, no reproaches, but just here and there a muffled sob, while mothers gathered their children close in new passionate tenderness.

Woman spoke to woman with loving voice; the new-found sisterhood was precious above all words.

The girl tried to help her companion out of the crowd; she had almost to carry her in her strong young arms.

On the outskirts a big luxurious motor was drawn—a lady came wearily from the crowd towards it—a gentle, high-born lady; but the mark of sorrow was on her face.

She noticed the woman and the girl. She stopped and spoke to the girl, who said "Her husband was on the 'Queen Mary.' He was killed, and she is quite dazed, poor thing."

Then the lady's face grew more beautiful in her pity and her love.

'My son has been killed, too," she said. "You poor thing! Come with me, and I will take you home.'

Between them they lifted the little stunned creature on to the soft cushions, put her children in beside her.

Then the other two women who had never met until that moment looked at each other in silence. Sisters they were, and now they recognised it.

"I am sorry," the girl said simply in her tender, pitying voice, and it was enough, for it came from her heart.

Their hands met and parted. The motor drove away, and the girl stood and watched it until it disappeared.

New and wonderful sights she had seen that day—and the wonder of them sent her down to her knees in spirit.

The Song of Loonehaha.

By "IJIT."

You shall hear how Loonehaha,
He the wise man, laughing idiot,
He the fresher, Loonehaha—
Met with many strange adventures,
Met with many sad misfortunes,
At the University.
He had just matriculated;
And had signed his name with gusto,
Signed it with a hefty flourish,
In a book set for the purpose,
Signed it with so many others—
Men and women—all had done it,
Underneath the watchful optic,
Of the great one, Cumbreehaha—
He the marv'lous Rejjeestrahstrah.
He was clad in gown and trencher,
He the fresher, Loonehaha;
He was feeling quite a hero,

He the wise man, Laughing Idiot,
Thus he walked along the grass-edge,
Of the verdant, well-dressed lawn,
Meditating as he did so,
On the beauty of the women,
He had looked upon that morning ;
There was one named Lizzewahwah—
She the loveliest amongst them,
She the sweetest of all maidens,
She possessor of his organ,
Situate above the liver.
She the dark-eyed Lizzewahwah,
Thus he walked along the grass-edge,
On the velvet of the lawn,
That the gardener had watered.
With a hose-pipe in the morn.
And he strode along with gusto,
Strode along the grassy edges;
Plucked a flower for his honey,
For his little popsy-wopsey,
For his sweet-faced Lizzewahwah.
To him then came Cumbreehaha,
He the marv'lous Rejjeestrahstrah,
Twisting fine his pointed mohee,
As he whistled "Pretty Johee !"

He the wise man, Loonehaha,
Thinking of his Lizzewahwah,
Clapped him fair upon the shoulder,
Dug him in the 'solar plexus,'
Pulled him off the grassy edges,
Gave the axe—right in the nexus.
Said he then in voice of thunder,
To the trembling Loonehaha :
"Grassy edges are exempted,
From the feet of little students;
See me in my swanky office,
When I come back from the Kisog."
Then he fined him ten and sixpence,
Him the quaking, Laughing Idiot,
Fined him without hesitation,
Fined him for his disobedience.
Then he whistled up his canine,
Seated calm upon the asphalt,
Seated as he scratched for insects,
In the region of his left flank,
And he wore a concentrated
Look of fury on his phisog ;
Whistled up the canine genus,
Waddled off towards the Kisog.
There he left the trembling fresher,

Trembling in his indignation,
Cursing at the dirty insult
Offered to one of his station.
Raised he then his hands to heaven,
Wailed aloud in bitter sorrow,
Wept in mournful lamentation.
And he cried in accents breaking:
"Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !
Where the deuce can I get ten bob,
And a sprat to pay this fine ;
Who is there will bear my burden,
Take this heavy load of mine ?
Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !"
Far away the nimble sparrows,
Squatting light amid the gum-trees,
Whispered softly to the breezes
Echoed faintly then that wild cry :
"Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !"
As he stood there in the sunshine,
Stood there using profane language,
To him came his Lizzewahwah,
Looking like a fairy spirit.
Smiled so charmingly upon him,
Offered him the happy optic ;
Threw her arms around his collar,
Kissed him soundly on the eyebrow—
That he felt his heart within him
Bursting 'neath his fancy waistcoat.
In his arms his loving sweetheart,
Whispered words of tender comfort,
Promised then to meet him later,
Met him later at the Kisog.
Gaily whistled him some rag-time,
When she had departed from him ;
In his heart there was a gladness,
Bigger than the great Faturshfelt—
Such a size it was within him.

Thus befell him strange adventures,
As he wandered round the buildings ;
Wandered with a step so lightly—
Light as any chicken's feather.
There he saw the specimen, Worlter,
Heard him speak in tones sepulchral,
Sent a shiver down his spinal
Column—like a spectre walking,
There he smelt unsmelt-of perfumes,
Wafted on the gentle zephyr—
Wafted from the Chem. department,
Stinking like an evil joss-house,
Suddenly he did a Marathon,
Did it round the corner-slick ;
He had got the sulphuretted
Hydrogen—right in the neck.

There he saw the great Faturshfelt—
He the man of large circumference;
Avoirdupois he had much of it,
Fourteen stone he turned the scale at.
Saw him toddling round the Common—
Room, that bordered on the meadows,
Green with many blades of couch grass,
That the man forgot to mow down.
And he marvelled at the thickness
Of his brawny pair of legs:
He was dressed in football costume,
And a gay old dog looked he—
That the fresher, as he watched him,
Wondered who the deuce was he.
In his plight he sought the wise men—
Engineers and science students;
Heard them talking much heat-engines,
Listened to their wise discourses
Conic Sections, and the such like.
As they spoke of hyperbolics,
Spoke of D's, II's, and dt's;
Wondered where they got the beer from.
Wondered greatly as he heard them,
Punctuated in their speech
Many oaths and profane language.
Heard the lengthy Ennseeaiken—
He the migthty man of wisdom,
Many merits he had won them,
Supermerits he had gained them.
On his brow a look of intel-
Lectuality was written.
Saw the curling hair that clustered
On his noble brow above him.
Heard him speak of Rossobunnee,
He the man of much heat engines;
Heard him mention Doccomunnee,
And the stamm'ring Westingumyum.
Heard him praise him for his lectures,
Of much benefit he found them.
Heard the others crying loudly
"Kaw!" they said, "We don't believe it!"
Then he cried upon them loudly
For their incredulity;
Called them "Blighters," "Trades-Hall people,"
But our listening, wondering fresher
Lost his patience as he heard them,
Heard them wrangling like old women—
They that have the gift of gassing.
Went upto the Ennseeaiken—
He the man of marv'lous wisdom,
He the man of much heat-engines,
As he growled unto the Mottmott,
And the stamm'ring Chocushinskee.
Went up to him as he stood there,
And embarrassed thus began:
"Ennseeaiken! man of wisdom!
Many merits wou have won them,
Many merits you have won them.
Hail, old tulip, Ennseeaiken!
I have seen this day a wonder—

Him they call the great Faturshfelt
He the man of large circumference;
Avoirdupois he has much of it.
Tell me, now, O Ennseeaiken,
All about it, man of wisdom!"

And they told him of another—
Him they called the great Fatgrahum.
He who was upon the warpath.
He was such a size, they told him,
That a barrel used for beerage
Looked a midget alongside him.
Sixteen stone he turned the scale at—
And a half without his stockings.
Many medals he had won them,
As the fat-man in a side-show.
Then the unbelieving fresher,
Laughing greatly at these jokers,
Laughing wildly at the Mottmott,
Giggling long at Chocushinskee,
Poked the ribs of Ennseeaiken,
Poked him as he stood there laughing
Without doubt or hesitation.
"Enseeaiken!" cried he, laughing,
"Mightly man of much heat-engines!
Many merits you have won them,
Supermerits you have gained them.
But, O Lengthy Ennseeaiken!
You can't pull my foot at random.
You have spun a fairy-story,
You but told a clever legend,
That the infants read in school-books.
Tell it now, O Ennseeaiken!
To the mighty Chocushinskee,
To the guileless Strovamottmott.
I have seen the big Faturshfelt—
He the man of large circumference.
But you tell me of Fatgrahum—
He the chieftain on the warpath;
How he won his many medals
As the fat-man in a side show.
Tell me now, O Ennseeaiken!
Do you take me for an ijit?
Go and tell it to another;
"Kaw!" he said. "I don't believe it!"

With a whoop they fell upon him.
Fell upon him as he stood there,
Stood there grinning like an idiot
In a lunatic asylum.
Beat him soundly; punched his cranium
For his sheer audacity.
He had offered an impertinence
To the lengthy Ennseeaiken—
Third-year man of much heat-engines.
There they left him, bruised and battered,
He the fresher, Laughing Idiot,
He the wise man, Loonehaha;
Left him cursing like a trooper,
Like a trooper in the trenches.
Cursed he loud and long and heartily.
And he felt his tender optic,
Now a sickly, purple spectrum—
Where the fist of Chocushinskee
Had encountered it awhile back;
Rose he up then, stiff and shaken
From his recent rag-time battle;
Took his footsteps down the pathway
Leading out into the Jorgestrete.

As he ambled down the concrete
Gleaming white amid the sunshine
Of a hot Australian summer,
Something caught his purple optic,
Made him stare and doubt his senses,
Made him tremble like an aspen.
There he saw his sweet beloved,
She possessor of his organ
Situate above the liver—
She the lovely Lizzewahwah—
Flirting with another fresher,
Flirting boldly as she stood there;
Laughing, put her arm around him;
Kissed him lightly on the forehead,
While he whispered words of honey
In her rosy shell-shaped ear.
Till she, turning, saw him gazing—
He the fresher, Loonehaha,
He the wise man, Laughing Idiot;
Gazing with his purple optic
In a torment at the scene.
Shook his fist in sudden fury,
Said a prayer in profane language,
That she heard; and poked her tongue out
At the stricken Loonehaha;
Stamped her foot, and put her arm round
Him the other sneering fresher,
As he stood there, grinning broadly
Like a blinking ichthysaurus
In a prehistoric brooklet,
Babbling through the Eden Garden
In the time of old man Adam.
Then she turned upon the high heel
Of her patent leather shoe,
Put her arm around the fresher,
He the later of the two.
Tripped so blithely round the corner,
Head so nicely on his shoulder;
Left the little waiting fresher,
He the cursing Loonehaha,
He the wise man, Laughing Idiot.

Thus they left him in a tremble,
And he raised his hands to heaven,
Tore his hair; and spake thus, saying:
"Gitche-Manito the Mighty,
Ruler of the earth and heaven,
Lord of all the earth and waters;

Hear me now, O Mighty One!
Save me from all cursed women
In this University.
They are shallow, heartless creatures,
Living but for sweet flirtations;
Save me from their machinations.
Grant me this, O Mighty One!"
Thus he spake, and grew more tranquil,
Whistled merrily some rag-time,
Whistled "When the Midnight Choo-Choo
Leaves for Thumpin' Allabad."
Whistled cheerily another;
Whistled "Floating Down the River."
It—the masterpiece of Frankee,
Of the Frankee—breslinbreslin.
Then he toddled for the puff-puff
As it whistled in the station,
Whistled like the blessed curlew
Seated calm amid the branches
Of a wild Australian gum-tree.

* * * *

In the west the red sun glowing
Sank beneath the dark horizon;
Sank until it was a mere star
In the canopy of heaven.
Sank into the shades of evening
Creeping upwards from the eastward.
And he thought of all his wanderings—
He the fresher, Loonehaha,
He the wise man, Laughing Idiot.
Thought the while of Ennseeaiken,
He the man of much heat-engines,
He the man of supermerits.
Thought he then of Strovamottmott,
How they had laughed—like two idiots.
Of the strong man, Chocushinskee,
Of the big man, great Faturshfelt,
He the man of large circumference.
And he thought of Cumbreehaha,
He the marv'lous Rejjeestrahstrah.
Of his love for Lizzewahwah—
She the fairest of all maidens,
She the beauty of the college;
She the dearest of all damsels,
She the biggest of all dam-sells—
She the lovely Lizzewahwah.
In his heart there was a sorrow,
Greater than the big Faturshfelt,
Stronger than the Chocushinskee,
Taller than the Ennseeaiken,
And he vowed to suffocate it,
Drown his sorrow in his study.
Never more on lovely woman,
Would he cast his eyes to woo 'em.
He would burrow like a ferret
In his books, and get a merit.
So he would win many praises.
"Kaw!" he said. "I'll work like blazes!"

Should Graduation be on a Broader Basis of Subjects?

We think it should. Let it be at once stated that this is not a plea for the amalgamation, so to speak, of one Faculty with another. These are the days of specialisation. The various branches of study have grown too much to make it possible now, as it was fifty years ago, for one and the same student to excel in science, philosophy, and the humanities. But in spite of the wider fields of work which now exist, we are convinced that it would be both feasible and advantageous to break down somewhat our too rigid system of specialisation. Specialisation is necessary; but its faults are obvious. The tendency of University training is to turn out men who, though brilliant each in his own field, are too often childishly ignorant on other subjects. Notable exceptions there are who have been driven by the desire for knowledge to look up other subjects privately, fearing lest they should come to consider their own special sphere all-important. But certainly for most of us the temptation to run on forever in the groove in which we find ourselves proves too strong.

We deny ourselves the trouble of devising a detailed system to reform this narrowness. But why not modify the present system so that students of philosophy, languages, classics, law, etc., should be compelled to pass an elementary course in science, and Science and Engineering students on the other hand in philosophy and ancient history. Only in the final year would we allow these extra subjects to be dropped. In a word, we would somewhat extend this principle of a broad basis of subjects, already existent in Pass degree work, and make it apply also to Honours work.

Of course the present system may be defended. For example, it may be said

that it is the duty of the schools to supply the desired breadth of education, while it is both right and necessary that the last three or four years of academic training should be devoted to specialisation. Without considering the minority who attend the Universities without having been at a secondary school, is it not true that the schools fail to perform this function satisfactorily? Let us be charitable to schoolmasters—they are no more to blame than is the boy himself, with his natural tendency to specialise; but everyone will admit that it is only in exceptional cases that we find a sixth-form scholar at all interested or efficient in any branch of work but that for which he has a "bent." This type is becoming more and more common. Not seldom, but usually, a lad with pronounced scientific tastes is enabled throughout his school career to neglect the classical side altogether; and vice versa. The result is a spirit of stupid intolerance. The Engineer is generally found to look on Arts work with a good-humoured, unreasoning contempt; while the Arts man is apt to pose as the philosopher who puts the sciences in their proper place. The student of philosophy is told of the superior relation of metaphysic to science; but the secret of the vagueness, which baffles so many philosophy students, lies, we are inclined to believe, in the fact that they have had no experience, or only the vaguest, of the sciences themselves. The science specialist, on the other hand, immersed in his particular problem, exaggerates its importance in relation to that whole of knowledge, of whose other parts he is ignorant. The remedy is obviously a moderate education in those other subjects.

The schools will not do this satisfactorily. Better public exam. results can be obtained, perhaps, by letting a boy or girl specialise. Again, there is always considerable difficulty in getting a secondary school class interested in a (to them) uninteresting subject; one learns five times as quickly at a University. The more de-

veloped the brain, the more is it fitted to appreciate a wider range of subjects. Admitting that such extra study would be looked upon as a agreeable task by many, and that in some cases it might, however elementary, involve the taking of good time off degree work, we still think that such an innovation would be a substantial blessing; that the special degree work would thus be seen in its true proportion; that the absurd intolerance of the specialist, so plentiful at present, would be diminished; certainly that a better, because a more broad-minded, type of citizens would be produced by the Universities.

"ULTRA-SPECIALISED."

A Day in College.

For the benefit of the unsophisticated who might be unduly shocked by the revelations contained in these pages, I must first hasten to dispel the illusion, only too common amongst the mass of the population, that a college is an abode of learning, continually surrounded by an atmosphere of academic calm, where the rustling sound of the turning of the leaves of the text books is broken only, and that at rare and brief intervals, by the sound of eating, and by the creaking of mattresses as brain-weary students drag themselves unwillingly from their labours to seek a few short hours of well-earned repose. I have never known a greater or more widespread misapprehension. The aims of collegiate life are firstly, amusement; secondly, pleasure; and thirdly, enjoyment. Of course, there is no objection to your doing a little work in your spare time, if you have a mental bias in that direction; but one of our guiding principles is, as the I.W.W. have stated it so charmingly and succinctly, "Only fools and horses work."

You will now understand that the object of my work is somewhat similar to that of "Records of the German Atrocities in France and Belgium," namely, to reveal a shocking state of affairs, which, in spite of all official statements to the contrary, is nevertheless a most gruesome and sickening reality.

According to the legend, about three minutes after the last midnight ghost has collected his chains and gone on to pass the day respectably in his grave, a strange article known as a rising bell is rung with the purpose of prevailing on men to get up and do a little work before breakfast; but I am inclined to think that this is only a legend—I know nothing of it myself, and it is very difficult to obtain reliable evidence from others on the matter.

On a particular day in winter I was awakened by the sunlight streaming in on my face. It struck me at the time that this was most inconvenient, and for the moment I thought of applying to the theologs., who are, as it were, office boys in the institution which directs these matters, to see if there was any chance of getting a deviation, but on second thoughts I decided that I would be dispensing with a very cheap and handy arrangement, since otherwise I should certainly have to obtain an alarm clock. The fact that the sun was shining did not, however, give me any illusions as to the temperature of my floor. The imminence of the hour for chapel impressed on my mind the necessity for rising; so by a marvellous effort of will I tore myself from between the sheets and stood shuddering upon the bare linoleum. A mat would certainly have been a more reasonable thing to stand on, but I have learnt by bitter experience that when mats are to men as 1 is to 4, it does not do to flaunt your property before the public gaze; for by so doing you are only laying temptations in the path of those who are already regrettably addicted to petty larceny.

On proceeding to the bath I found it already occupied by one who with the heartlessness of his kind drove me off to wait until he had done with it. By waiting in the draughty passage I ran the risk of getting about nineteen assorted chest complaints. As I went in I light-heartedly hung my towel on the door, but I soon had cause to regret my rashness, for it was feloniously abstracted as soon as my back was turned. I pondered awhile on the

callous brutality of the human race, and decided on a swift and circumspect retirement to my own quarters, which I reached in safety, though damp and cold.

The Chapel bell brought from their lairs a crowd of men in various stages of dressing, who proceeded to anathematize the swollen sense of duty of the person responsible for ringing that bell. However, in Chapel, a gown covers most of the deficiences of early morning attire, although a collar-less six-inch neck sticking out above does not add to the beauty of the scene.

No misadventure occurred at breakfast beyond the fact that my tea seemed to have been made with strong brine. However, for some time past I had noticed sinister activities on the part of the man next to me, and I registered a resolve to even things up in the near future.

After a brief interval I found I was due for a lecture. I do not know why the thought of work always depresses me. The mere mention of the word is sufficient to produce a feeling of profound ennui, coupled with yawning and related symptoms. Consequently I was in a state of utter fatigue when I arrived in the Common Room as I proceeded to my place of work.

* * * *

I passed a most disappointing morning. My prose may excel Cicero's, but I know of no moral law which justifies any professor setting a man to translate when he knows perfectly well that the man in question is quite inoffensive and wants nothing but an hour's sleep.

I will dismiss lunch with a mere line. The memory haunts me still. It is certainly disheartening to one brought up in the 32-chews-to-a-mouthful school to find himself in competition with four or five human rubbish destructors going it at the average rate of one mouthful per second, especially when there are scones on the table.

The afternoon passed very pleasantly in tutorials and tennis. In fact my joy would have been quite unalloyed but for the very audible remarks made by people who were straining themselves in attempting to be witty, and the knowledge that my only pair of trousers was decorating the flagpole.

I returned at length from tennis, retrieved my garments, and proceeded to await the welcome sound of the dinner bell. I do not know if there are any spiritualists amongst us, but many strange events occur here without apparent cause. The manifestations on this occasion were more than usually startling. No sooner had we crossed the threshold than a particularly strident alarm clock struck up and we proceeded to our places with musical honours. Nor was this all, for throughout the whole meal the table evinced an unaccountable desire to stand on one leg and rap out messages with the others. I rose from the table with my mind almost unhinged with the mental strain. The mental state of a man who has been locked in a room with fifteen homicidal maniacs was not to be compared to mine.

Now night was coming on—night, which to so many implies rest and quiet and relief from the thronging cares of the world. Weary and nerve-wracked as I was, fresh woes awaited me. No rest or quietude was my portion, and night brought the consummation of my misery. For some two hours I yawned and dozed over that enthralling piece of light literature known as the 'Manual of Psychology,'' stopping at times to listen to the complaint of a feline Romeo two doors or so away. All the time I longed continually for the advent of supper, bringing with it a reasonable excuse for downing tools. A hoarse shout of ''Tea oh!'' aroused me from my lethargy, and down I rushed with great agility, only to find that the stock of edibles had been confiscated already by the unprincipled horde of barbarians who had preceded me. Man cannot live on tea alone; indeed it was a gloomy meal for me. As the heart of man yearneth for higher wages, so longed I for revenge. The foodless supper passed, and those who were filled again ascended to their habitations.

I beckoned to a boon companion, and together we approached the room of the chief malefactor. ''Now,'' I said, '' we will both go in from opposite doors, and then he won't know which to throw out.'' Well, he should not have known, but our entries were ill-timed and he threw out first one and then the other, and to add insult to injury he refused to accept our vigorous assertions that we would trouble

him no more. He seized me and fired me into my own apartment. In a brief space my companion followed. The door was slammed behind us. We looked at each other with despair imprinted on every line of our features. We were trapped. Still, as I am fond of saying, it is the supreme moment which finds the man. It was necessary to know what was happening outside. Mounting upon a wash-stand and gazing through the fanlight I perceived that a rope was attached to my door knob, and secured to the door opposite. Evidently we were intended to pass the night in confinement, and this suspicion was strengthened when pillows and pyjamas were passed through the fan-light to the sharer of my misery. Escape was clearly impossible for some hours. In the meantime there was no scheme which might not be devised by two persons of more than ordinary intellectuality. I retired to drown my sorrows in Greek prose, but after about an hour we decided to attempt a sortie. My comrade mounted the washstand and scrambled for the fanlight. Excitement was at fever heat. Suddenly from the next room came a loud cry, "The prisoners are escaping!" A rush was made to our door. My comrade was shoved back more forcibly than politely. A hammer and nails were then brought and a little work soon rendered another attempt in that direction useless. It was now plain that nothing could be done until our principal opponents had retired. This necessitated a long and painful period of waiting, but like true heroes we resolved to sacrifice all for the sake of liberty. Scheming and planning now occupied our whole attention. Second by second, minute by minute, the hours crawled on until by the lessening of the tumult without we could tell that our oppressors were settling down to rest. The silence was shattered by a series of crashes like the Crack of Doom as boots were deposited outside doors in the corridor. Now was our opportunity. I signalled to my companion. He arose and between us we deposited the table in the middle of the room. Upon this carefully we placed the wash stand. My fellow-prisoner mounted the pile, unfortunately still too small. Hastily I lifted a chair and placed it on top of the mass. My comrade ascended. Then with deft fingers he removed the ventilator and climbed into the ceiling. He paused only to perform a war-dance above the ring-leader in our incarceration, then, rushing to another open ventilator, he dropped into the room below. To release me was the work of a moment The rope was severed. I opened my door and walked out a free man.

* * * *

It was now well past midnight. Realising the necessity of rising in the morning, I clambered wearily into my short-sheeted bed and with fevered recollections of the day's experiences still chasing each other through my brain, I proceeded to add some well-grown and entirely new specimens to my already extensive collection of nightmares.

I Wonder?

The stars swung calm and cool that hateful eve,
The mopoke circled as the moon climbed high,
The west wind revelled in a make-believe,
Now whispering to the leaves, and now a sigh;
A fitful gust, and all around was still—
The pausing moon stayed on her steepest height,
The pale stars waited for thy whispered will,
And all the winding echoes of the night.

You spoke: and bowed her head the waning moon,
The wailing curlews mourned the rising cloud,
The wind grew freighted with a trifler's boon—
The careless mocking laughter of the proud:
I wonder if the days and nights and years
Had else been free from bickerings and tears?

—Thomas Thatcher.

The Trough of the Wave.

(By "Sphinx.")

Carlyle says somewhere—or does he quote it from Rousseau?—that no man can be a hero to his valet-de-chambre. For when the outward semblances and trappings of life are stripped off, there remains but the poor forked raddish of a man, marred by all the deformities of circumstance. I had always admired the rough strength and directness of Carlyle, but never did I fully realise the truth; or the force of that thought till they were revealed to me by the experience of running the gauntlet of the first stages of a recruit's existence in a military camp. A man in civil life is more or less a free agent. Even if tied down to work all day his nights are his own; he has a home that belongs to him, he has relatives and friends to whom his existence means something; he has, in short, an influence, a place in the world which he has largely created for himself, and fills by his own exertions. But the moment he joins the army all this seems changed; his own personal wishes have ceased to count, his hopes and fears are suspended, his relations with the world seem suddenly and irrevocably severed, and he has become mere material in the hands of a great machine—a machine for turning out efficient agents of destruction. In pursuance of this object he is moved hither and thither, and mauled about by the machine, but in it all he personally has no interest—he is merely a cog in the wheel, and reflects that there are plenty more cogs if he is broken. This feeling, however, soon wears off. The would-be soldier begins to take interest in this machine which seems to have so absorbed his existence. He finds that he is not merely material, he is himself a part of the machine, and that it is a moving, thinking machine. He begins to identify himself with its motions, and soon he finds that in becoming an integral portion of it, he has gained a new power of influencing the course of events, and that he is ready to resume relations with his fellows of the great world outside—relations which, perhaps, can never be quite the same as before, which in some ways are artificially restricted, but which are also intensified and vested with a new significanace.

Such, at any rate, was the experience of one at least of a certain nondescript band of some thirty and odd men which early one morning tramped from the station out to the Enoggera camp, with shoulders variously contorted in the effort to "throw a chest," and all greatly worried by the new feat of keeping step by the aid of a kettle-drum. However, camp was reached somehow, and the usual issue of "kit" received—the most warlike article therein being a pair of boots, which for most hid a multitude of worries under their innocent exterior, and tended to make the "tenderfoot" stage of camp life a very real thing. However, we were lucky; we were allotted immediately to a definite unit—bringing it almost up to its full strength. We might be sent away at any time! So we stuck manfully to squad drill, with its eternal "right turn," "left turn," till we had almost mastered its baffling perplexities. Then the days began to lengthen out; we got inoculated and vaccinated; most of us got sore or sick, and contracted colds and other camp maladies; we had our first taste of fatigue, and got thoroughly bored listening to rambling lectures, repeated ad nauseam, in an open hut, with no sun and plenty of westerly wind; the only relief being when the sergeant's lungs or information gave out, and we sidetracked him with questions about homeleave, and separation allowances and transfers, and C.B. and A.W.L., and a hundred other mysteries of our new craft; or when our returned corporal told us tales of Gallipoli, always securing a ready hearing. Then it transpired that other units were ready to go away, and we must wait till they had gone, and soon, too, we began to dwindle away; men were discharged as under age or unfit, more transferred to other branches of the service. We realised that, while others sailed away, we were to be left, a broken fragment, in the trough of the wave. But we took it calmly, consoling ourselves with homeleave, and learning to work points on fatigue, and to grumble as all good soldiers should (we did not need much teaching).

We learnt other things, too, now and then; the importance of saluting, for instance. In this connection, we were surprised at the emphatic way in which our instructors asserted that the tribute was not paid in any sense to the man, only to the uniform. Our own officers are good men, and we are still undecided whether there is any special reason for this emphasis. In other instances, too, we were surprised by the frankness of our instructors. Some of us were detailed for guard for the first time. Of course we had a lecture beforehand on the nature of our duties. "Guard drill," we were told, "is largely ceremonial, and therefore useless." One might have expected that this astounding truth would have been kept a close secret, known only to the "stars and stripes," but no—it was offered to us freely; indeed, pressed upon us with embarrassing frankness. We thought this was good nature on the part of the powers that be, but we were soon undeceived. Being practically useless, we learnt, it did not really matter how the movements were performed; to decide differences of opinion, it was therefore necessary to stick absolutely to the right way; and, of course, the more useless the movement, the more important adherence to this rule became. But that is just the way they do things; "there is a reason for everything in the army."

Such incidents, however, are but ripples on the surface of our calm existence. On the whole we muddle unexcitedly through our daily round. Reveille has become, not exactly a welcome friend, but an old acquaintance; the morning march is a welcome exercise, and "physical jerks," or squad drill, come as a matter of course. Rifle exercises and bayonet fighting loom close in the distance; gradually strength and "tone" are being imparted to our frames.

Meanwhile, we are still in a double sense "in the trough of the wave." In the first place, for each one of us, the strain of civil life is behind, and its noise reaches us deadened, as it were, by a wall of separation, whilst the mightier noise and excitement of war is still in the distance and reaches us but in faint echoes. But in another sense also we are in slack water. The first great rush of men for service is over. The really warlike portion of the population have gone; likewise the men who, though normally averse or indifferent to war, were stirred by the spirit of adventure, or by patriotic enthusiasm. The unwarlike portion, and the stolid and unimaginative, whom nothing will stir up to fighting pitch but immediate danger or coercion, moral or otherwise, amounting practically to compulsion—they are still going about their usual business—working, striking, or electioneering. The men who are coming into the camps now by dribs and drabs, are a miscellaneous lot. There is indeed a solid element of conscientious men, who were prevented by various reasons from enlisting before, but beside them are out-of-works, who have come to the army as to a happy home, and victims of the recruiting sergeants' wiles, and (but only a few) mere rogues, who joined in the hope of making a good thing out of it; and finally there is a considerable class who have taken to soldiering as the best job offering, and the readiest means of providing for themselves, and, perhaps, their dependents; these men are out to make things as light as possible for themselves, to have a good time whilst it lasts, and as for the dangers to come, well—wait till they do come! If this diagnosis of the varying attitudes of the people towards the war be correct, I should say that it exemplifies the inherent weakness of the voluntary as opposed to the compulsory system of military service; it allows the strongest and fittest portion of the nation to go first and bear the brunt of the conflict. If the war should prove to be manageable by these men without further calls on the nation, well and good. But if it prove of greater magnitude, so that greater and greater efforts are called for, till at length the application of some system of organisation is called for which will utilise the whole strength of the nation, the duty of undertaking this and carrying it through, falls on precisely the weakest elements, whilst that stronger class, whose co-operation may be necessary to keep their weaker brethren up to the sticking point, are unavailable. This, perhaps, is putting the case too strongly as regards Australia to-day, for, owing to various causes, it is not altogether, I think, the weakest elements that "have stayed at

home." Yet, as the wave of war will surely presently catch us up out of the slack and carry us on with its advance, so perhaps the tide of organisation will yet catch up these loose ends of the nation's man-power, and carry them forward in its advance, out of "the trough of the wave."

Echoes of Commem!!!

UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS RUN RIOT!!

A meeting of interest to a large circle of students was held at the University on the evening of —day, umteenth inst., when the Faculty of Arts assembled to consider the unprecedented rowdiosity of students at this year's Commemoration celebrations.

Sir W. Which, K.C.M.G.,* was voted into the chair, a post for which he was eminently fitted by his unbending refusal to bow to the demands of students.

The following note of apology was received from Mr. J. J. St-ble: "Mr. St-ble regrets that he will be unable to appear this evening, owing to a severe attack of censoriousness." Mr. Alc-ck also excused himself on the ground of a previous engagement.

The chairman opened the discussion by a most unchairmanlike condemnation of undergrads, all and sundry. He pointed out that they had even, on occasion, "bearded the Registrar in his den," if he might use the expression. Witness last year's commemoration, when they had, in defiance of regulations, ascended the back stairs and made rude remarks from the balcony above the hall. He thanked the powers that be that this year the ceremony had been held where there was no balcony; only one could get on to a piano at a time.

Professor M-yo objected to the unscientific nature of undergraduate wit. He would only touch upon one point to illustrate this. It had evidently appeared to Mr. G-st-n that his (the speaker's) socks were green on that occasion.. But not so. There were three alternatives. Either (1) the gentleman in question was colour-blind; or (2) his whole psychological and physiological constitution was so thoroughly permeated with envy, that it had affected his entire outlook upon socks; or (3) he had forgotten, or more probably never read, that objects perceived are reflected in a reversed position, that is to say, upside down, on the retina. (See Stout Bk. ii, ch. v, par. 2).

This being granted, we might proceed to infer that the gentleman in question, not having trained up his retina in the way it should go, had fallen into the extraordinary fallacy of taking for green socks what was, possibly, a face green with envy; assuming the existence of which envy, it was perfectly explicable in view of the fact that a colleague had recently welcomed a stranger within his gates, as it were. Thus, in any case, the undergraduate position was scientifically untenable. Did they see?

Mrs. P-rn-l next took the floor, and walked up and down on it. The actual behaviour of the students she had considered perfectly detestable. But that was nothing compared with their misconception, positive misconception, of the Soul of Poetry. Never, never had she beheld such a travesty of Art.

The speaker was here interrupted by the entrance of a late-comer, in the person of Miss McC-ll-ch, who left the door slightly ajar. The speaker said: "Would you mind closing the door, please?" But Professor M-ch-e gallantly came to the rescue with a bored expression.

*Knight of the Cold and Mournful Gravity.

Proceeding, the speaker said that the only educational element in the whole performance was the quasi-musical instruments. They had reminded her of the good old days when, in lieu of speech, savage cracked savage over the head with a ham-bone, and saying, "Bow-wow, ding-dong," was answered, "Pooh, pooh."

Professor M-ch-e- boldly defended the undergrads. He said he had been a student himself. They had managed some tolerably good stunts in those days; but the present people could give them points. Since the Pre-commemoration Fire Engine Display he had solved the problem of explaining to his classes the nature of the Roman triumph. The similarity was clear on reading Vergil Aen. ii. 238-9 (they need not take this down):

"Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent."

Being uncertain as to whether "puellae" should be translated "girls" or "undergradesses," the speaker here excused himself and went into his office for a key. During his absence the chairman invited Mr. Sch-dl-r to continue the discussion. This gentleman, however, said he much preferred taking notes.

Mr. C-stl-w at last rose. He maintained that the present discussion on the liveliness of students was of little importance, excepted as connected with their unpunctuality in the matter of proses, etc. If Mr. McC-thy had not expended so much energy in blowing a motor horn he might have handed in his next week's essay at the appointed time. Unpunctuality was the vice of students; they would not do their work in time; in fact, they were always unpunctual. In other words, they were too lax in their work.

Professor Saymore said that rowdiosity was a difficult word to define. The definition would be best attempted by the method of classification. This led him to the subject of shoes, which he was still discussing when our reporter was regretfully obliged to leave. We understand, however, that Professor Saymore found no difficulty in exceeding his time limit, and that the meeting decided, on the motion of Mr. C-mbr-St-art, that, however idiotic Mr. W-ts-n and others might be, it would be impolitic to relegate them to Goodna.

Music as a Subject for Education.

By Geo. Sampson, F.R.C.O.

Honorary Organist and Adviser in Music to the University of Queensland.

Being the Inaugural Address at the Conference of Music Teachers for 1916.

(We are fortunate in being able to print this address for the benefit of our readers. Mr. Sampson is a musician in the highest sense of the word, who looks forward to the day when Music will take its rightful place as the supreme educational factor. The revolutionary character of his views, and the intensity of his sentiments, vividly expressed in the following article of engrossing interest, are significant of the sphere he occupies in the musical world.—Ed.)

(Continued from last issue.)

Fourthly.—A true education in music demands a control over that mysterious quantity—Time. We have dealt with the command of strength, now we are dealing with the power to control length.

Weak and feeble people talk about time as if it were a child's exercise. Face the fact that time and eternity are one, and we shrink from a subject so appalling. Someone said to me the other day, "You are very keen upon time, Mr. Sampson;" to which I replied, "Yes, I am, are not you?" "Um, I suppose so, but it is not so important as all that." "Well," I said, "I guess if you were holding a bomb in your hand timed to explode in ten seconds, you would

be as keen about time as I am.'' Some people need a bomb explosion before they can see a point. Yet it is time that the musician is called on in some measure to subdue; and, in the process of disciplining ourselves in order to subdue it, we make our souls grow in power, control, and steadfastness. This power over time applies with a universality only to be found in music, to all actions. Take such expressions as—''A well-timed ball,'' ''A well-timed catch,'' ''A timely word,'' ''A stitch in time.''

We have so little opportunity of realising the power of time as distinct from melody, that we are apt to miss its tremendous force. Many years ago I spent my Christmas holidays in Cairo, and visited a service in the Mosque of the Howling or Whirling Dervishes. I was with the usual crowd of light-hearted tourists, and we were ushered into a large and lofty circular hall, with the roof shaped like a cupola. As in all Mosques. on the side which pointed to Mecca was a niche, and in the front of this stood the head of the Dervishes, or precentor, as he might be called. In a circle, stretching away from him on either side, with their backs to us, were the Dervishes, all dressed in flowing robes, with girdles. Some, the best performers, as I afterwards found, were most astonishing looking creatures, tall and wretched, with wild eyes, and with black or yellow hair of extraordinary length, which was at first tied up, but, when the performance began, they let it down, and shook it free like a lion's mane; some took off their outer clothes, and put on a sort of linen dressing-gown. Then the band, grouped behind, began to play. It consisted of several kettle-drums(?), a large, beautifully toned drum, three or four pairs of cymbals, a lovely flute, and a most magnificent trumpet. I tried afterwards to buy this trumpet, but failed, for the old fellow who owned it refused to part with it. It was made of some animal's horn, and gave forth a noble sound. The drums first began to mutter; with this a deep-toned murmur or pant went round the circle; the word was ''Allah,'' but I could hardly distinguish it, the sound produced being like that of no human voice or voices. It began exceedingly low, but as the drums gradually got louder, and the cymbals added accent, it increased until one could have imagined that legions of lost souls were groaning in agony. As the band and groaning by slow degrees got louder, a motion pervaded the circle; they all moved, swaying slightly backwards and forwards to the rhythm of the band, the sound, the groaning, and the motion coming, as it were, from one compact whole. As the groans became louder, so the motion became more violent, till, with their long hair flying loose, and their bodies swaying backwards ond forwards, they looked just like a lot of fiends. Suddenly the trumpet sounded a ringing phrase, so stirring that I could almost have shouted—and then dead silence followed. The swaying motion continued, but the tremendous groaning ceased, except for a sort of pant, which formed a weird accompaniment for what followed. The lovely flute now played alone, a little melody trickling down half a dozen notes. This was a sort of chant, as the precentor immediately sang it, following the notes of the flute precisely. Now the drums began again, and the groaning once more became prominent ; the Dervishes were soon heaving backwards and forwards with tremendous energy, and the band, with its regular rhythm of cymbals and drums, became almost overpowering. As the excitement grew strong, the precentor walked along inside the circle, urging the most violent to still greater exertion. This he did by standing in front of each and bowing his own head, and, I suppose (the row was now so deafening that it was impossible to hear), groaning deeply. As he did this, the Dervish before whom he stood would swing himself with fearful violence. The motion now seemed to be more of a huge circle described by the upper portion of the body, rather than bowing. They swept the floor with their hair, bending themselves double. The sight had now become awful, the perspiration streamed down them; the roar was like that of wild beasts; but still they kept on, still the precentor urged them, until I thought they must die. Then again the trumpet sounded forth a few glorious notes, and

the service was over. But the men with the long hair continued; with them the effort must have been involuntary; frenzy had hold of them, and so they howled and howled. At last all but one stopped; he still swept the floor with his hair, and still emitted wild gasps and blood-curdling groans, till all power of fully raising or lowering his head seemed to have left him, and he succeedid in making only a sort of quarter circle. I could see that he was fast falling into an epileptic fit. The other Dervishes until now had taken no notice, but had been quietly doing up their hair, &c.; at this point, however, they interposed, and this best of Dervishes was quietly laid on the floor and soothed. The effect of the reiterater rhythm had almost made me beside myself, and I glanced at my companions to find that there was no smiling or laughing now. We left the building silently, with rather white and set faces. It was some hours before I could shake off the intense excitement, or rid myself of the feeling that Fate had hold of me in its awful grasp.

I have said that expression means the outward sign of the living soul; and to describe the meaning of this and dissect a musical utterance, something more must be said.

Three factors are essential for a musical performance, or, indeed, any action in life—(a) imagination, (b) mechanical aids and excellences, and (c) a controlling power. Let us for a moment analyse a musical performance, putting on one side all mechanical aids and excellences which may be possessed by musicians and non-musicians alike. Anyone with money can acquire a perfect instrument: a perfect voice is an accident of birth. We, therefore, for the present purpose, put aside the instrument or voice, however perfect, and the mechanism of the machine, which may be made excellent by any hard-working and clever student. How pathetic it is to see students with the souls of ants grinding for years to acquire technical excellence, only to be rejected by the public. We have now nothing left but the two controlling powers—the two Masters, one unmusical and the other musical; the Master of the intellect or brain, and the Master of the soul or heart.*.

These two Masters which move and drive the mechanism are, then, the Head and the Heart. The Head, which may be described as the Commercial Manager, when left alone, drives with no purpose except expediency, for he is blind to beauty. If the mechanism runs easily with just emphasis, well and good; and if it runs easily with unjust emphasis, still well and good. The Head is incapable of seeing or feeling spiritually, and does its work to the best of its ability without any reference to expression. Beauty or ugliness makes no difference. It, therefore, follows that the Head may be very good for making money, but not for making friends of music, or indeed anything else in this world that really matters. It is very useful under the command of the Heart; indeed, it is essential if the work is to be done technically well, for a good heart is not much use with a feeble head. This leads us, however, to the fact which we ignore at our peril, that the mainspring, the source of all excellence, or alas! wickedness, comes from the other Master—the Heart, which may be described as the Spiritual Manager.

[*These names are used to stand for pure intellect and pure sentiment. It has been said that the intellect can make beautiful things. The writer's contention is that, while it may be possible for the intellect to make a thing of beauty, it is impossible for it to perceive beauty unaided by the heart, the seat of sentiment. As there is no man so base as not to have some spark of sensibility, it is difficult to demonstrate the truth of this assertion, although it is not only possible, but easy to understand it.

Webster's Dictionary aptly describes intellect thus: "The power or faculty of the human soul by which it knows, as distinguished from the power to feel and to will; the capacity for higher forms of knowledge, as distinguished from the power to perceive and imagine."]

The value of a true musical education, therefore, lies in its power of teaching the heart not only to see visions, but to express them by means of the intellect with just emphasis of colour and line. This control, learnt best under musical discipline, means power in every direction. The barrister, pleading for the very life of his client, wins or loses largely by this power. A false emphasis may turn the balance against the prisoner. An over-accentuation here, a weakness or touch there, a lack of imagination, and the case is lost. A preacher may use the finest sentiments and the loftiest thoughts, but, lacking this musical power, possesses no driving force, carries no conviction, and wins no souls. Many a good cause has been lost not by matter, but by manner, whether it is selling goods or preaching the gospel.

If we are convinced that, whatever subjects our students learn in our Universities and schools or whatever walk of life they may adopt on entering the world, they need this control of force and time to be successful in their battle, we shall surely ask ourselves seriously where and how this priceless power can be obtained.

It is too often forgotten that, while general education touches just emphasis, it nearly always omits the other vital part of expression, the control of time. Strength at the wrong time is always futile and often disastrous. A German shell wrongly timed may burst in an empty ploughed field, or it may burst prematurely and kill Germans—disastrously for the Germans.

It is pitiable to see how little graciousness of expression there is in the world, and how the vast majority of us die without a sense of loss being felt by any but a few close relations. It is this want of expression that makes the world so dull and drab and causes more than half the discomfort of life.

An entertaining example of how disastrous false emphasis is in every walk of life came to my notice in a railway carriage some years ago. I was sitting in the smoking-saloon of the Sydney to Brisbane Mail, and, having nothing to read, listened idly to the talk of four racing men who had evidently attended the races at Sydney the day before. Three of them —an owner, a "bookie," and a trainer— were discussing a certain race in which their favourite horse had lost by a head. After an exciting and inconclusive argument, they turned to the fourth man, a jockey, who had sat silent during the discussion, and asked him his opinion as to why Bill had lost the race. The jockey gave this pregnant and conclusive reply: —"Bill lost the race because, just before the post, he out with his whip, and slashed the horse half-way between his stride. The horse, he hesitated, and lost by a head." How many races have we lost by a false application of the whip of emphasis? How many friends have we alienated by lack of vision? What lives are wrecked by lack of imagination and of command over emphasis none can say.

(To be Concluded.)

A Washed-out Theme.

Oh, laundry bill, that, mounting even higher,
Now in the realms of one pound five dost soar,
Nought my express my fervent deep desire
To see thy thrice-accursed form no more.
On sheet of fair white paper art thou writ,
And still I forward look to that sad day
When on thy baleful visage "Please Remit,"
Shall force on me the thought that I must pay.

But let us put aside all care, and cast
From out our minds all thought of laundry bills;
Drink we the wine of youth while it may last,
Too soon shall come old age with all its ills.
And when we list, with damsels let us flirt,
Nor let us think who'll launder our next shirt.

Light.—How to keep a secret dark.

Maths.—How to square the Profs.

Mechanics.—The talk (torque) produced by couples.

Philosophy.—How to take a puncture with compunction.

Psychology.—The development of your brain (if any).

Physics.—How to suck liquid up a straw.

Trigonometry.—How to shoot.

By C'd.

Sunshine and Shadow.

In the morning when we wake,
Our hearts are light, our hopes are bright,
And eagerly we take
Our weapons for the day's long fight.
When evening comes at last,
And homeward wearily we tread,
The day's hard toil is past,
And drowsily we seek our bed.
When we are young and strong,
With all our life before us yet,
We sing life's way along,
With nought of sorrow nor regret.
But when our life is done,
And now at last we've ceased to roam,
Our span of life is run,
And gladly do we take us—Home.

—By Q.E.D.

"The Culcher'd Tart."

Last night when I had seated myself comfortably in a corner of a railway carriage, and had opened my evening newspaper preparatory to absorbing the contents, I was suddenly attracted by a pair of dark luminous eyes looking straight at me and yet not seeming to see me. It is not often that I take interest in my fellow-passengers. I know most of them by now, almost without looking at them. Most of them are business people like myself, who travel by the same train invariably every evening, and whose lives are so much like my own that they have no special interest for me.

But these eyes seemed to fascinate me, and to force me to look into their depths. They belonged to a woman who, though face and figure both gave evidence of her youthful years, yet seemed to me to have lived through ages. As I gazed at her she averted her eyes slowly, and fixed them on a pile of books that lay beside her. These being badly stacked were slipping one by one to the floor. Then noticing that I, too, seemed interested in the process, she jerked her thumb towards the disappearing pile and muttered:

"Just like life! One d—n thing after another"

The remark startled me, not only on account of the forcible language, but also on account of the tone in which it was said. I was at a loss for some time to see its meaning. I thought at first that she must be referring to some law of attraction that governed the affairs of men in the same way as the physical law governed the movement of the books. Thinking, therefore, that the remark was very apposite I was about to expand it and particularise in my usual humourous manner, when the expression on her face checked my flow of speech. I realised that I had mistaken her meaning. No one wearing a look of such absolute boredom could be capable of making a joke. Suddenly then the true meaning of her words flashed across my mind, and I answered accordingly.

"Quite true; but the things are different, and variety is the sauce of life."

"I don't agree," she almost snapped. "Variety itself is just another thing—viewed objectively—so is every one, so is everything, even I myself. I am an object to myself—a kind of machine, as it were, which has various functions and whose relations to other objects varies in accordance with their respective functions. One hour I may be at a lecture. I recognise the relation existing between the lecturer,

the other members of the class, and myself, and work the machinery accordingly. The next hour I may be at a meeting. Here I see the same people, but I do not recognise them as the same. For here the relations must be different and I must change gear. These people are for me now beings with whom I discuss certain business in hand. The next hour I may meet the same people again, but again they are not the same. This is the social hour of the day. Now people are to me people—whom I regard as such.

I discuss with them such things as people discuss with one another, i.e., people. I talk to one person about every other person in the room, but mostly about his or my own person.

Here, again, every one is an object which acts in accordance with various laws of relation existing between it and other——''

Here I grew impatient and was rude enough to interrupt.

''But,'' I said, ''You take no account of the part played by feelings in life. Surely you do not regard your friends as things or objects?''

''On the contrary, I do,'' she remarked. ''For what are they but Things of which I am one, and which obey those laws of action and interaction pertaining to friends.''

At this I groaned. But she ignored me and continued:

''And feelings are like dreams. They are mere illusions which vanish the minute we regard them as Things and seek therefore to grasp them.''

With these words she left me, for the train had arrived at her station. For the rest of the journey I left my newspaper still unread and mused on the strange confused jargon to which I had been compelled to listen. I wondered who this eccentric creature might be, and sought information from the man next me. He was evidently a manual labourer, judging by his attire, and therefore one on whose knowledge of everyday life I could depend. '' Do you know,'' I asked, ''who that person is who was sitting opposite me?''

''Judgin' by 'er skite,'' he said, ''and the marone and blue blazer I reckon she's one of them there culcher'd tarts wot goes to the University.''

. . . . .

Then I uttered in my heart the deep and fervent prayer of the Pharisee of old, ''Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as this poor hypercritical superanalytic creature. I enjoy the good things of this life,—work and women and wine and song.''

For what is the saying that is constantly quoted?

''Life is bigger than Logic.''

''MOOCH.''

''In Arto Et Inglorious Labor.''

Not long ago I read that subtle and delicate study of the single-minded scholar's life, Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard. It set my mind running on scholars I have known in real life, their works, and their ways. Some stray thoughts and recollections I now jot down. If there is no especial merit in the recital it may possibly give some picture of a class little known in new countries, and perhaps never to be known again in its former distinctiveness in the old. In any case I may say for myself 'meminisse iuvat.'

Scholar is not generally taken to include the devotees or martyrs of scientific research. Even if it were, I doubt if I could write about them. I have not known them very intimately, and they seem to me to lack a certain quality of picturesqueness. The work they do is of supreme importance for the material advancement of the world. On their shoulders are laid the approving hands of the magnates who possess the earth and its fullness. Irrationally I turn with more affection to the unsuccessful, as the world accounts success, the world losers.

Like the popular American novelist I lay my opening scene in a Paris cafe; time, a July date now quite a few years in the past. It happened that I sat on that date in a cafe on the Boulevard des Italiens, one of a company of four, the

only one of the company who could not put forward an indefeasible claim to the name of scholar. We were all birds of passage, resting for a day or two in 'loved Lutetia of the Parisii.' before spreading our wings along various routes into the beyond. The eldest among us had come from a Theological College in England hot foot on the traces of some hitherto unexamined manuscript of the old Christian Father, Ambrosiaster. A passing consultation of some familiar manuscript in Paris, and he was off, bound for a library of Southern Germany, where, he had learned, the heirloom of the old monasteries was stored. The next in order of age and consequence, his interest fixed on the dialect development of a modern tongue, was pausing before losing himself to the world in rural Normandy. Myself, I was at the chariot wheel of the third and remaining member of the party. We had broken our journey in Paris simply because it was Paris, and Paris one ought not to pass by lightly, however often one came that way. A day or two and we would set out for Spain, that country so little known to Northern Europeans, so different, too, and so picturesque in its very unfamiliarity. We would gaze from the moving train out on the morning glories of the landscape of Central France see Bordeaux of ancient fame on the wide Garonne, the desolation of the Landes, the plateau of Castile extending illimitably, a sea of jagged immobile waves. The end of our journey was Madrid, for my companion the royal library there, and manuscripts of the mediaeval encyclopaedist, Isidore of Seville; for myself, the mere sightseer, the Museo del Prado, the Cafes, and the quaint changing pictures of the southern streets. But, alas for my friend's intentions. His ill luck condemned him to one of the accidents of the scholar's life. After a few weeks' solid work, he learned that he had been forestalled by an American, and we returned from Spain as much defeated of our special purpose as the English prince and his companion in old days of theirs.

Such meetings of small and ever changing groups of men linked together by the bond of a common pursuit, were doubtless of daily occurrence in the larger European centres. They met, exchanaged a friendly greeting and tidings of their work, then went each on his own way. Men of like mind with my companions might have been seen the next day, or the day after, gathered round perhaps the same table, certainly at some cafe or other in the busier Paris streets.

What were these men, and how did they come to enter on such work, or how support themselves in it ? They were drawn from all classes of society, but few indeed were the fortunate ones, whose means enabled them to devote themselves exclusively to investigation. Most held University posts of greater or less consequence, and arranged their research work, so as to get the largest benefit from travel when vacation or leave of absence made travel possible. Some had special grants or scholarships to aid them in their work, but very few there were, who did not willingly and gladly make severe sacrifices of material comfort. A third class Paris Hotel, a fourth class German railway compartment, on a Bommel Zug, these enabled a man to go much further, even if he had to fare much harder. All were drawn from the ranks of men loaded with such honours as Universities can bestow. Their training had been mainly literary, but some had shown their general capacity by brilliant raids into other fields. One of my friends of the Paris Cafe had suddenly deserted his studies in modern philosophy, obtained an amazingly brilliant success in mathematics, and then retired as suddenly as he came.

The satisfaction of the explorer's passion was the one thing that mattered with them. A profession was but as the thorns that might spring up and choke the further growth of their knowledge. There was with them no hankering after material success. Of the last infirmity, if infirmity it be, of the intellectual worker, the desire of recognition by the competent to judge, of that they had their share. If another scholar made an unacknowledged use of their discoveries, there would rise in their hearts a sense of grave injury incomprehensible to the man whose standards were material or simply monetary. Some were men of a nature utterly simple and straightforward in all things. In others might be found a delight in paradox, a Socratic irony. It pleased such to treat with easy playfulness. ideas and institu-

tions that were dear to them. Shown in the ordinary things of life, this seeming freakishness made for the heightened gaiety of the neighbourhood. My modern philologist was not wholly serious in all that he did. As a first year undergraduate, he discovered from a study of old photographs that it had once been incumbent on undergraduates to grow beards, each acording to his several ability. He decided to revive the worthy fashion. His own success was undoubted, a great mass of reddish beard. I used to see him pass in his student's gown, watching him in schoolboy respect and astonishment. He failed to encourage the others, and his beard, I fancy, scarcely survived his freshman year. Later one had always to accept his pronouncements on things of less than vital importance with reserve, or in other words, with a grain of salt. My Madrid companion, again, breathed a scornful contempt for the non-academics especially for the man whose spoken or written word did not rest on a sure foundation of disciplined knowledge. I can't remember that his ordinary social intercourse with such men was much affected by the ferocity of his theories. But, indeed, I feel sure that all my scholar friends, if asked to consider the matter apart from persons, would have put the sensational sentimentalist, novelist or publicist, in an honoured place in their Newgate calendar.

In questions religious, political, and social, the scholar was very consistently conservative. He accepted the ideas of his society in a slightly more enlightened form. Perhaps with his highly developed sense of intellectual responsibility, he felt that only the same unrelenting investigation that he brought to bear in his own sphere could justify a new attitude in these wider spheres. He had chosen a-narrow plot to till. The wider fields could be left to the care of those who had elected to work there. For himself he accepted in other domains the decisions of men whom he believed to be honest workers, just as he claimed that his judgments within his own domain should be accepted in turn by them.

There was nothing mystical in his mental attitude, no belief in open sesames to any result that was worth the having There was also none of the asceticism of the mystic. He adhered to the ordinary standard of living in so far as it did not conflict with his giving the greater part of his day to his chosen task. Said a scholar friend to me, "I have no belief in the man who cannot enjoy a hearty meal," and experience has led me to believe that the truth of his words is difficult to deny. A fit mind in a fit body was his ideal, but he would not fit his body, beyond what was required for the fitness of his mind. The scholar enjoyed the quieter forms of social intercourse, especially the talk that comes so pleasantly, and with so little effort, in a country stroll with one friend or two friends of similar tastes and interests. A round of social engagements meant too large a tax on his time, and the level where a big gathering can find a common interest was not his. His household was fully aware that the domestic day must build itself up round the work of the head of the household. A caller on a scholar at one of his busy times met the two year old daughter of the house at the gate. Slowly and with some difficulty, but quite distinctly, he was told that "Dada" was "collating a manuscript," in a tone which implied that the visit must there and then be considered at an end.

Perhaps I may in conclusion quote from an account of his work written by my friend, the eldest of the company of the Boulevard des Italiens, one of the most single-minded of men. All his scholarship was marked by the most transparent desire for truth and accuracy. In fact his love of numerical statement was well known, and raised many an indulgent smile. Lewis and Short was defaced, we were told, by just 200,000 errors, and 250 blossoms, he had calculated, were showing on an apple tree in his garden. But these were scarcely defects of his great qualities. The volume and quality of his work has met with wide recognition from all fellow workers. I select a few passages that best illustrate his attitude. They may, further, serve to add some strokes to my sketch of the genuine scholar :—

"The researcher himself is not, in the first instance, concerned with the ultimate value to mankind of the facts he ascertains and reports. . . . .When he gets well on his way he will realise a bond of union

with kindred spirits in his own and other countries which will compensate him for all his loneliness, and all the misunderstanding and ridicule. . . . . It would be worth while to pursue such tasks, even if the concrete results were decided to the valueless . . . We all need some absorbing aim and surely it is better that research should be our aim than many another practice. . . . I should be the last to say a word against research of this kind (physical research). I once put myself about considerably to attend Technical College classes in Applied Mechanics and Steam. . . . I at the same time refuse to allow him (the physical enquirer) the right either to estimate the value of my researches or to put any hindrance in their way.'' He then speaks of his researches on the manuscripts of the Latin Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul by the British author Pelagius, a commentary written in 409 A.D. ''In 1906, at Karlsruhe I discovered a copy of the original work made in the ninth century. The study of many other copies of later editions has taken me repeatedly half over Europe. . . . I hold it to be discreditable to a great people like the British people that there should be so little respect for our oldest beek. . . . . New materials will be furnished towards the writing of the history of the Latin Bible and the restoration of the original text of the Greek New Testament . . . light will be shed on the history or writing and education in the Middle Ages . . . Finally we shall be helped to a deeper insight into the mind and thought of one who, to me at least, is the greatest mere man who ever lived—St. Paul.''

''Goniobombyx.''

Love by Logic.

By ''Henry IX.''

''I am beginning to doubt your constancy, Percy,'' said Mabel at last. It had taken her the whole night to make the statement, and now she swallowed the lump at her throat with a sigh of relief. Percy, on the other hand, had been expecting the remark for the last three hours, and was quite exasperated. ''I am sure you took Muriel to the pictures on Saturday afternoon,'' argued Mabel again ''I tell you I didn't,'' ejaculated Percy. ''But Ethel said she saw you,'' replied Mabel, bringing forth the evidence. ''Well I'm a liar.!'' roared Percy, and he banged the door as he went out.

Left to herself, Mabel became desperate and got the lysol bottle. But should an individual, even a woman, jump at conclusions? No; neither did Mabel. Now, Mabel had studied logic, and turned to hard facts. At least she had some material wherewith to start, for plainly, Percy had made the definite statement that ''he was a liar.'' Therefore, she scribbled on the table-cloth thus :—

Percy says that he himself is a liar,
But since Percy is a liar, what **he** says is not true,
Therefore Percy is not a liar.
But if Percy be not a liar, what he says is true—
Now Percy says that he himself is a liar;
Therefore Percy is a liar.
But if Percy be a liar, what he says is not true—
Now Percy says that he himself is a liar,
Therefore it is not true that Percy is a liar.
But since it is not true that Percy is a liar, what he says is true—
But what he says is that he himself is a liar,
Therefore it is true that Percy is a liar,
Therefore Percy took Muriel to the pictures''—
Therefore "The draught is mine," spake the melodramatic Mabel . . . . . .

And she died, a martyr to a fallacy but logical to the last.

Twitterings from the Rookery.

On Saturday, May 19th, Caloundra once more saw the Biologists on their annual trip to the district. Doubtless after the night before, some of the party were weary, but with the Biologist the stern dictates of duty are always obeyed. The almost personal interest displayed in us by the ticket office officials was most touching. It seemed as if they didn't want to see us go. The train was crowded—evidently with visitors returning from the degree ceremony—so it became necessary to divide the party into three. On arriving at Landsborough we were met by those gay birds, the Rooks, who had made such excellent arrangements that we all arrived at the city of Caloundra by dinner-time.

This year there was an added interest to the locality, as the Doctor had indulged in some light recreation with the result that the ecology of Caloundra is now in pamphlet form. As each of us possessed a copy the student who didn't know Cellana from Amoeba was a social outcast until he did. While we were at Caloundra a specimen of that exceedingly rare genus Salome was observed flitting gracefully about in one of the rooms of the Hotel Francis on several occasions. The occurrence of this aberrant form is most interesting, as the only previous record is from Judea.

Tectarius is regarded as forming the highest littoral zone, but we have the unique pleasure of stating that Monodonta zebra was seen to occur very much higher than even the most adventurous Tectarius. Several times it was observed in the dining-hall of the hotel.

A trip down Pumice-stone passage to and the examination of the Zosteretum the Narrows for the purpose of dredging was both instructive and enjoyable. We had lunch near an old kitchen midden. Standing on the ruins of this once magnificent piece of aboriginal culture a feeling of reverence passes through one for the race responsible for such works of art. Perhaps it ought to appeal to a biologist, as the structure is intricately wrought out of the shells of Potamides and Arca, mixed with wood ashes. The subtle skill and cunning of the old builders imperiously commands the admiration, because only Potamides and Arca shells are used, never those of Polystomella, Centropyxis, or Nerita, though they abound in the district.

A second trip down the Passage to the Lighthouse Jetty, then across Bribie and along the Pacific shore, was very profitable. The interest exhibited by some of the third year students in the first year was very commendable.

During the evening some of the more energetic members of the party took advantage of the dancing hall of the hotel, but this form of amusement was soon followed by games of skill, like "Priest of the Parish" and "Diseased Handkerchief." It is not the custom of the scientist to neglect the soulful side of his nature, as perhaps less enlightened faculties may think.

Through the efforts of Stephen Laycock we were able to appreciate the tense, mystic brilliance of Ram Chudd, as well as the dramatic possibilities of geometry.

From observations made at meal times it is believed by some of our critics that the gastric capacity of man is sadly underestimated. An additional feature of interest is the discovery that the gastric capacity is not proportional to size, as of our two champions one is a small first-year man, while the other is a noted athlete of the second year.

One regrettable accident, excluding those of a cardiac nature, occurred to one of the men, who had the misfortune to fall out of bed for the first time in his career.

Owing to the call of our sister science, geology, the trip officially terminated on Wednesday morning. During the afternoon, however, a number decided to navigate the broad, majestic waters of Tooway Creek. The humourist of the party was at his best, and his reflections on life were indirectly responsible for our helmsman falling out of the boat. The consequences of such an accident could have been very serious, as the creek swarms with mud crabs and mullet. As it was the victim nearly had to wade out.

It was not until the following Monday that the last of the party returned to Brisbane, ready for work once again.

"EUGLYPHA."

Bi v. Gee.

Said Cynic to a life student :
Do not on any girl get bent !
And if you're basking in the sun,
Don't think you are the only one.

For you should bear it well in mind—
There is another trip behind ;
And when she's got well rid of you,
She'll have another one—or two.

Biologists ! I do not see
Why we should fear Geology ;
For you have heard as I've heard too—
The first love is the love that's true.

And on our trip we'll set the pace
Too hot to hold throughout the race
Of life's full pleasures we will sip ;
You can't do that on every trip.

And if we go it from the start,
And make the pace with all our heart,
Imagine then quite easily,
A slower-paced Geology !

—O.O.O.

Canungra.

Splendid! Simply splendid! The best I've been on! Just scrummy! Such were the exclamations of those who formed the geology party to Canungra in the first vac. Damned fine! is the expunged grunt of one while still another qualified his verdict with esoteric utterances culled from the trenches. And, indeed, the party was singularly fortunate in experiencing a trip so pronouncedly an unqualified success. Geologically speaking, it was all too short lasting but three days.

Leaving Brisbane early on Friday afternoon, the bearings quickly ran hot, and an aggravatingly slow journey resulted; the tedium being rendered most apparent—or was this the most inherent cause?—by the "differentiation" of the party into two distinct but "complementary segregations," one of which contained a fragment of the baser element. Well done! Who was she, anyway? On the down trip one or two of the men endeavoured to enliven the weary hours by retailing past experiences and handing out advice and such was the nature of their deliveries that they had a full house, till a small wayside station was lifted just about dinner-time. At this stage one member of the party could no longer be restrained, and elected to finish the journey in a freight waggon in company with fish and fowl. Unfortunately, his desire to chaperon the commissariat was not appreciated by the railway official at the next station, for which ingratitude that worthy was promptly given the axe.

Arrived at Canungra, but little time was lost in preparation, and the wants of the inner man—and woman—were speedily attended to, thanks to the yeoman assistance proffered by the house staff.

After tea we indulged in various light exercise—twos and threes, to wit, and other games, the referendum going in favour of "winks," although many winks were iformal. (N.B.—An informal wink is one which is winked sideways or round corners.) And so time passed until at 10.30 'lights out" was sounded. A few insatiable spirits, however, preferred to carry on with "bridge" and certain four hundred "State Express" until the wee hours of the morning.

Saturday was booked for work along the Darlington Range. We set out early, started the ascent. We noted some items of interest, viz., rocks, but reciprocal interests claimed most attention, and so specimens were left in statu quo. About halfway up the track we lunched and after a short spell crawled to the top of the hill where a perfect panaroma of the Canungra Valley was obtained. We rested —we like resting—and then started home. Generally speaking, the trip was dry, especially at lunch time, and tho' the prospect of spitting into the Bight—or into Moreton Bay if you be a States' Righter—may have commended itself to the party, yet none spat. After tea a short singing preluded the usual diversions, and from 10.30 the same quartette amused themselves.

Sunday was spent climbing down the steeper paths. After a hot dinner—and Sunday night, too—we amused ourselves as only we know how. Cold feet drove the bridgeomaniacs early to bed (about midnight).

The trip along the Coomera concluded our researches in the district. Talk about Geology! We had rhyolites and tuffs everywhere, and occasionally we noted basalt-edges of sandstone, but the most prominent crop was at Gin's Heap, where apatite and albite were abundantly displayed insitu. Thoughts of sodium arsenate did not deter, nor the fact that the crop was under police protection; and unfortunately there was no need to "leave those damned oranges alone." After feasting well we had lunch, and then a couple of individuals proceeded to wash their clothes in a novel fashion. Again we set out early and again quickly started the ascent. We got up five hundred feet, and rested; then we moved on a little and again rested. After going a little further we rested again. In fact, spells were as common as rocks, but much more popular. We climbed to the top of the "Devil's Elbow," and after noting the change in the rocks, we—well, er, we rested again. And with an alternation of jogs and spells we arrived at Leahy's humpy, where we had morning tea—and another rest. With three miles to go, and a good road, the Doc. set us swinging at a rapid pace, and we cleared the St. Bernard Hotel just before lunch. A rapid descent through a veritable Eden brought us to the head of the Quanaba Falls. Willing hands soon had lunch ready: the remainder of the party, in accordance with previous custom, resting meanwhile. Nothing of note occurred on the return journey. Be it remarked, however, that several unwillingly tobogganed.

There were a few minor casualties on this ramble—blistered feet being perhaps the most common—and popular—worry. Nevertheless, our Field Ambulance was quite equal to the occasion, and rendered valuable and welcome assistance.

It being our last night, some efforts at originality were attempted, and tho' ballet girls and clowns were not prominent, the party was overwhelmed by religious fervour, and thoughts for the future of some compelled the christening of Otto the Siamese twins, and passive amusement followed, in the course of which one member took the count. Things hummed—or rather boomed—till the inevitable cards reigned supreme, and all was quiet—quiet because one unthinkingly kept the silencer on. The offender was removed and replaced to the accompaniment of silent snores; and then . . . Evidently an early morning meeting in one section of the house. Almost immediately and without warning the gamblers were unceremoniously disturbed by the fingers and the hand which came forth against the door, and the cryptic utterances from behind this door. No need for men of lore, etc.—'twas all to plain; the alarm had gone off and wakened something. But oh! why don't people oil the door hinges?

Early in the morning we started for Brisbane, and in the evening a number of financial wrecks visited the theatre. The run to Brisbane was full of incident, but space forbids further discussion. It was good anyway, as one tritely remarked.

LOCAL FUSION.

On arriving late at Lectures.

(Second term.)

Oh! What can ail thee, fair young man,
  Alone and palely sighing ?
For now 'tis nearly twelve o'clock,
  And time is still a' flying.
Methought I heard a sweet voice say,
  "Sensations do not alter !"
And then I trembled in my shoes,
  'Twas that that made me falter.

Alas ! It was eleven o'clock,
  I should have here arriven,
But now I'm fifty minutes late,
  What lecture has he given?
And so I wait outside this door,
  In breathless expectation,
To see if he had found out if—
  I be a mere sensation.

I'm sure there is "I know-not-what,"
Beneath this plain external,
But why did I mistake the time,
By all that is infernal ?
But since I am all that he says,
Then surely he'll not notice.
That I have come too late to hear,
Him strain his epiglottis.
The reason one was missed at last,
Was not just mere sensation,
But judging by the H.M.P.'s,
'Twas due to observation.
Therefore, that's what I wish to know,
Why does not hold this theory?
Since no one did my absence note,
In vain I put my query.

—By "NON-SENSE-PERCEPTION."

Munition Making.

By R. G. QUINN.

H.M. Factory,
Queensferry, Chester.

Now that I have seen a good deal of the factory I can give you a good deal more news about it. In the first place it is in Wales, just over the border, and between Sandycroft and Queen's Ferry. The train takes about a quarter of an hour to get to Chester from Sandycroft (the nearer station), and the scenery on the way is very pretty indeed. Our cubicles are in the village or town of Harwarden (pronounced Harden), and the locality is Manscot. The factory covers a very big area and is really divided into three parts by the railway line. Right away near Sandycroft is the Asiatic Petroleum Company's part, where the toluene is given its first nitration, the mono-nitro-toluene being formed. On the other side of the line to our place is the Grillo Sulphuric Acid plant, and on this side of the line nearly midway between Sandycroft and Queensferry is the main part of the factory, which has all the rest of the plant on it. It will take some time to give even a rough outline of the plant and processes, so I shall take them in order so far as this is possible. The A.P. Co. start with Borneo toluene, which is a mixture of benzene and toluene found occurring naturally in Borneo. This is purified and they nitrate the toluene with acid containing 67.6 per cent H_2SO_4, 11-12 per cent. HNO_3, 2.8 per cent. $H.NO_2$, and less than 19 per cent. H_2O and other diluants. This gives the mono-nitro-toluene and a very small quantity of di—. This mono compound is pumped over to the T.N.T. plant in the main factory, and there it is nitrated by means of mixed acids of the proportions 78.4 per cent. H_2SO_4, 17 per cent. HNO_3, and 4.6 per cent. H_2O and HNO_2. The only thing we watch for in the M.N.T. mixed acid is to have sufficient HNO_3, and not more than 19 per cent. of water, the H_2SO_4 does not matter so much; in the T.N.T. mixed acid we have to get within 3 per cent. either way for the H_2SO_4 and HNO_3. When the toluene is nitrated there is a considerable amount of spent acid left over; most of the nitric has been taken out of it. They have a method of washing by which the spent acid is not diluted very much and the spent acid thus obtained is called U.S.A. (undiluted spent acid). This U.S.A. contains 77.5 per cent. H_2SO_4, and traces of HNO_2. I don't know the details of the nitrating house yet, as I have not been over it, but I shall not be long getting there. The M.N.T. spent acid together with some of the U.S.A. is sent to the denitraters (Jack Neilson is on this plant). Here the nitric is removed from the sulphuric and it is concentrated. The greatest percentage of the nitric is in the M.N.T. spent acid, so the T.N.T. spent, i.e., the U.S.A. has very little indeed. This is the reason why they don't send the U.S.A. to the denitraters if we can use it all up at the mixing plant. The denitraters heat the mixed spent acid above the boiling point of nitric, so the nitric fumes pass over to the glass condensers; the fumes which pass through the condensers are passed up a series of quartz towers down which a constant stream of dilute nitric is running, and there is not very much nitric escaping after it has passed through all the towers. As the plant is working now they don't appear to have sufficient air in the plant, because dense nitrous fumes escape. If air were to be admitted in

sufficient quantities these would be oxidised to nitric and could be dissolved. Of course the fumes are due in a great measure to the very high pressure, at which the whole plant is working; the plant is being forced to produce about double what it ought to. The sulphuric from the denitraters is sent to the Gaillard towers, where it is concentrated from about 75 per cent. or 79 per cent. to about 88 per cent. or 92 per cent. The Gaillard towers consist essentially of large tiled towers down which the dilute sulphuric is sprayed and up which producer gas at from 600 degrees C. to 250 degrees C. is passed. This hot gas converts the water in the sulphuric to steam, and thus concentrates the acid; it is then passed through scrubber towers to purify it, and then passed either to retorts for mixing or passed on further to the Grillo or Oleum plant.

By. Watkins is on the Grillo, which is across the line. The Grillo plant is one for concentrating the acid and also for making SO3. It takes its name from the man who financed it, a German whose name I forget (something like Schrote) invented the process, which is a very good and economical one. They burn S and pass it through air, using platinised MgSO4 as the catalyst. The main economical point about it is that they use the heat which is generated by the formation of SO2 to heat up the SO2 and O2, which forms the SO3. It appears that the amount of coal used in the plant is remarkably small, as they use pretty nearly all the heat. This gives an acid of 100 per cent. H2SO4.

The oleum is obtained from the Mannheim plant and here they make Nordhausen (?) sulphuric, and oleum of about 104.5 per cent. H2SO4; that is, it has sufficientSO3 to make 104.5 per cent. H2SO4 if the necessary water were added. The catalyst used is an oxide of iron, I think, but I am not certain. I have not been over the Grillo or the Mannheim plants yet, and I forget the detals which the other chaps told me. All the sulphuric we use is not made here, however. We get a good deal from the United Alkali Company, who send it by rail in large tanks containing about 10 to 12 tons each. We get sulphuric then at the mixers from four sources: U.S.A., retort sulphuric from the Gaillard (so called because it is also used in the nitric acid retorts), Grillo sulphuric acid, and oleum. All the U.A. Co. acid is used by the nitric retorts. The nitric acid retorts, two of which supply the T.N.T. section, make their acid from 92 per cent. sulphuric (about) and Chili saltpetre (NaNO3). There seems to be an unlimited supply of nitrate, as I don't think there are any plants in England which carry out the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. The saltpetre obtained contains about 3 per cent. of moisture, and this is taken out in the driers, which consist of large revolving cylinders set at an angle and heated from below. Down these the NaNO3 is passed, and it dries till it contains only about .2 per cent. when it reaches the other end.

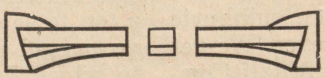
The nitric retorts charge about 30 cwt. of H2SO4 and 2 tons of NaNO3 into each retort, and this is heated for about twelve hours by means of producer gas jets and coal combined. There are 42 retorts in all, distributed between the two houses. Owing to the increased pressure at which the retorts are working the fumes are very bad at times; one can hardly breathe, and the workers use respirators most of the time. In one house silica condensers are used and in the other glass ones. These retorts make 92 per cent. acid and the fumes which are passed through quartz towers again give a weak acid from 65 per cent. to 80 per cent. There are a good few girls working on the retorts, and their faking of results beats anything we ever did in the Lab. at the 'Varsity. On one occasion girls got the same specific gravity for their nitric acid (they get the strength of all their nitric by specific gravity) for sixteen hours. The chemist began to smell a rat, and he then found that they had forgotten to put sulphuric acid into the retorts; so that not any nitric had been produced at all.

There is the bisulphate left mostly, only a small quantity of the normal sulphate being produced. This bisulphate is run into trucks and sold for about 7 shillings a ton to some dye works. All these acids are mixed in the five mixers in the plant to which I am attached. The sulphuric acid is measured in the mixers themselves, but the nitric is measured in its own retorts. Our mixers are of about 16 tons capacity (for liquid of Sp. Gr. 1.8), and it takes about 50 minutes to fill each. From the mixers the acid is pumped by

means of three "Douglas" pumps to the blenders of which there are three. The blenders are of a capacity of about 180 tons. Both mixers and blenders have a small internal cylinder in them, at the bottom of which is a propeller to draw the liquid up, and just above the top there is an impeller to drive the liquid down, so there is a constant circulation of acid. In the mixers there are coils through which the water runs to keep the acid cool. In the blender there is an air mixer in addition to the cylinder. It consists merely of a pipe through which compressed air can be passed and with holes punched in it. From the blender the acid is pumped into large storage tanks (about 100 tons capaciy), and from the storage tanks it is pumped, as required to the T.N.T. or M.N.T. nitrating houses. The work I am on consists mainly in supervision. We have also to calculate how much of each acid is necessary to make the required strength of the H2SO4 and HNO3, and as we don't know accurately the strengths of our various acids, a 'dope' is generally necessary, this is the extra-acid necessary to make up the required strength, we have also to calculate the dope. You will see then that my work is mostly maths! I need a very little algebra and a good bit of arithmetic. When I started the assistant superintendent asked me if I was good at maths, and I thought he must be in the know thinking he meant higher maths. I said I had just got through 2nd year. I was just wishing I had brought Carslaw because I thought we would be doing integration and differential equations. You can imagine how relieved I was to find that a very elementary knowledge of arithmetic and algebra sufficed. It is an advantage to be able to use logs for the multiplication; that is about the most serious part of the work or at least the most advanced. The chemistry one needs is absolutely harmless; in fact there seems to be a difference of opinion amongst the men in charge of the Explosive Department whether the job is one fitted for a chemist or an engineer; certainly there is more supervising than anything else.

There is a nitro cotton plant in the same factory area; here they make a compound which is soluble in ether and alcohol. Owing to the practical impossibility of getting acetone which is necessary to dissolve gun-cotton (this is in making cordite) they had to invent some process of making a nitro cellulose which was soluble in ether alcohol. It was thought to be impossible to make a commercial success of such a nitro cotton until the chemists here did the trick. They got such a good product, partly by accident, that they are very much afraid they will not be able to keep it up to the excellent standard which they commenced with. The mixed acids used in nitrating their cotton is in about the proportions of 3 : 1 Nitric to Sulphuric, so it is nearly the reverse of T.N.T. mixed acid. The product is thoroughly washed in boiling water, about twelve washings are necessary and it is compressed by little pressing machines, which exert a pressure of about 40 tons per square inch, to cubical primers about 3 inches along each side. The nitro cotton made here is said to be the best made in the world. I had the opportunity of going over the place and it is very good. A most interesting and instructive afternoon can be spent there.

There are a large number of girls working in the factory, and they all wear loose khaki trousers and jackets. It takes some time to get used to seeing them like this.



Hymnus Collegiensis.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the Man.II Sam., 12, 7.

(pp) The sands of time are sinking ;
November is not far,
And still the careless students
Grin at the Registrar.
Bright, bright hath been their first term ;
And still like ropes of sand
Are students' resolutions,
In Emmanuel's land.

'Twas when our theatre-party
Had fired their youthful blood,
I saw the son of D—v—d
Lay S—dn—y in the mud.
(fff) They fought like savage bull-dogs,
In conflict hand to hand,
For that is how they teach them
In Emmanuel's land.

If dogs delight to bark and
To make incisions dental,
Collegians too are noted
For being consequential.
A piece of soap that one had bought—
One lump of tallowed sand—
It caused a (mf) mighty earthquake
In Emmanuel's land.

That care-free son of D—v—d,
He lost his hard-worn grease ;
He went and asked the matron,
If she had seen the piece.
And she accused Nath—n—l,
(f) Whom, with avenging hand,
The other sought to damage
In Emmanuel's land.

(pp) Nath—n—l he was gentle ;
So he denied the crime,
And said he used his own soap
For toilet every time.
"And if you don't believe me,
The bathroom's close at hand ;
Convince yourself—don't quarrel
In Emmanuel's land.

The other went; but rushed back—
(ff) His own dear soap he bore!—
Before sufficient tables
Were piled against N's door!
Nuff sed! We'll drop the curtain
On that impetuous band,
That Golden Federation
In Emmanuel's land.

doh : doh :
Ah! Jacko !

A Letter of Congratulation.

The following letter of congratulation from General Birdwood to Major Robinson of the Queensland University, on gaining his D.S.O., will be of intense interest not only to those who had acquaintance with the gallant officer, but also to the many connected in any way with the University itself. Such men of great deeds elevate their 'alma mater' to a sphere of glorified renown. The letter was sent in for insertion through the kind consideration of Major Robinson's sister, per favour of Mr. Fielding; and to them we owe our thanks for the privilege. Ed.)

1st Anzac Corps
14th April 1917.

My Dear Robinson,—

This is a line to tell you how really pleased I am to be able to congratulate you on the award to you of the D.S.O. for your real good work when the 26th took Lagnicourt so skilfully and gallantly last

I know the value of the reports which you sent in when you went forward after the attack had been launched, and how regardless of danger from enemy machine guns and snipers, you set a fine example to all by walking about the village and directing the mopping up parties generally.

I know, too, when communication failed with the front line during the enemy's determined counter-attack, that you again went forward through a heavy barrage to obtain definite and very necessary information.

It is such bravery and coolness throughout an action which is exactly what is wanted, and which I am sure tended enormously to the complete success of the operation; while I well know what effect such cheeriness and bravery have on the men.

Thank you so much for this, and with good wishes to you for the future.

Yours Sincerely
(Signed) W. R. BIRDWOOD.

'Varsity Notes.

Under the heading of "Library Rules" the Calendar of the University of Queensland expresses itself in the following fashion: The General Library will be open during term —

On Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Other week days, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., 7 to 9 p.m.

Lately a vague rumour has been pervading the atmosphere to the effect that the word "Saturdays" is meant to apply to the expression "other week days," since on the latter 10 a.m. seems to be the opening time of the bibliothecal establishment also. But seeing that the week contains one Saturday only, it follows that the rumour is fallacious. In all probability there has been a misprint in the Calendar: and the hieroglyphic -30 was intended to be inserted after '9,' following on the phrase 'other week days'; the symbol -30 being a minimum, sometimes increasing to the quantity -60. So that at the maximum the expression runs: 'Other week days, 9-60 a.m. (being equivalent to 10 a.m.) to 5 p.m. Hence the confusion with the previous line, beginning—On Saturdays, etc., and the undoubted origin of the rumour.

Students in the Men's Common Room would be doing the Editor a good turn if they would take the trouble to understand that magazines from outside Colleges and Universities, are usually addressed either to "The Editor" or to "The Business Manager." Evidently some individuals have conceived the idea that these journals are addressed directly to themselves, either through short-sightedness or inability to decipher the lettering correctly. And in consequence the Editorial Staff never has a chance to read them until one half has probably been utilised for shaving paper and the other is obliterated with a coating of dirt and grease of considerable thickness. It must be remembered that these magazines are intended for a position in the library at some future date.

If contributors would find it convenient to set out their matter as legibly and intelligibly as lies in their power they would be assisting the management of this magazine appreciably. In the event of a considerable number of deletions, alterations, and insertions marring the beauty of the caligraphy, it is an excellent plan for the writer to "rub it out and do it again."

The following idiotic question was handed out with no apology in one of the laboratories awhile back: What is the difference between the average roadman and Mr. Alc-ck? . . . . . The first is engaged to chew tobacco, the second is engaged to chew tea ! . . . . May their feelings be mutual, and may their shadows never grow less.

It will be convenient to all concerned if people, wishing to offer suggestions or criticisms as regards any Union or Society of the University, which seems to call for a reply in defence or explanation, will send in such articles several days before the date for close of entries, so as to afford time for the necessary reply to be written prior to that day. All contributions must be in the hands of the Editor by the day appointed. Disregard of this notice certainly means an unnecessary delay in the issue of the magazine.

Evidently there was 'something doing' on the Sports Field on France's Day. The turf seems terribly 'cut up' about it, so much so that the Women's Hockey Club has been continually shedding tears in sympathy with it. Two questions arise: (a) Why is that field cut up? (b) Are they crocodile tears?

The Editor makes no apology for raising the price of this journal to 1/6 per issue, 4/ per annum. The large increase in volume (compared with 22 pages two years ago), and the rise in cost of paper make such a measure necessary, in order that the magazine may clear itself of debt. Its aim is not to become a financial factor at the expense of the community, but merely to pay for the cost of its production.

Roll of Honour.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Barbour, Frederick George Petty (Arts I.), Killed in Action.

Browne, Philip Gerald (Arts I.), Killed in Action, 1916.

Cramb, Wm Arthur, Administrative Staff, Private, A.M.C., Killed in Action. France, August, 1916.

Collin, Leslie Norman (Arts II.), Lieut., 15th Batt., Killed in Action. Gallipoli, 25th April, 1915.

Francis, Trevor (Eng. II.), Captain 9th Reinforcements, 9th Batt., A.I.F. Killed in Action, 1917.

Harper, Albert Edward (Science II.), Lieut., A.I.F., Killed in Action, 1916.

Haymen, Frank Granville (Eng. IV.), Lieut., 9th. Batt., A.I.F., Killed in Action, Gallipoli, 25th April, 1915.

Jameson, Charles, Pte., 2nd Depot Batt., Killed in Action.

Jones, Trevor Warwick (Science I.), Died in Hospital.

Manders, Frank Arnold (Arts I.), 2nd Lieut., Pioneers, A.I.F., Killed in Action, 1917.

McNeill, Donald (Eng.), Killed in Action.

Noble, John Alexander (Sc. II.), Artillery, Killed in Action, France, 27th April, 1917.

Oakes, Arthur Wellesley, M.A., Bursar St. John's College, Trooper, A.I.F., Killed in 9ction, Dardanelles, August, 1915.

Taylor, Harry St. George (Eng. I.), Lieut., Border Regiment, Killed in Action.

Thomson, Wm. Campbell (Sc. III.), Died on Service.

Ward, Cyril Cutcliffe (Sc. III.), Lieut. 26th Infantry, A.I.F., Killed in Action.

Young, Neville H., (Ac. I.), Died in Hospital.

War Roll.

The Editor will be pleased for the indication of any inaccuracies hereunder.

Aland, Robert Clegg.
Baldwin, Daniel Eric.
Bath, Walter Stanley.
Briggs, James Logan, B.A.
Biggs, Frederick John.
Bond, Sydney Stanna.
Browne, Percival Henry.
Bryan, Walter Heywood.
Brydon, Kenneth MacKenzie.
Cassidy, Reginald John.
Cholmeley, Roger J.
Cornwall, Hugh Mackay.
Crane, Frederick Gordon.
Cribb, Eric Clarke.
Curwen-Walker, Ewan.
Cullen, Edwin Boyd.
Diamond, William Victor.
Dinning, Hector William.
Douglas, Walter Mather.
Dunbar, Gordon Allan.
Dunstan, Frank Wheatley
Eckersley, P. C.
Fielding, Frank.
Fisher, W. G., B.A.
Florence, J. N.
Foote, L. H.
Fowles, Duncan.
Francis, Eric.
Frankel, A. P.
Fryer, J. D.

Garland, D.
Graham, M. D.
Grant, R.
Gunson, W. N., B.A.
Hall, E. C.
Hardie, Sir David, M.D.
Hirst, W.
Horn, A., M.B.
Horn, H. W.
Huxham, A. J.
Hughes, F. G.
Jackson, E. S., M.B.
Jones, A. H., B.A.
Jones, C. H., B.A.
Kennedy, E. W.
Kyle, W. M.
Lloyd, N. A., B.E.
Loney, E.
Macdonnell, L. F.
McIntyre, A. L.
Melbourne, A. C. V., B.A.
Mellor, R. W. H.
Merrington, E. N., B.A.
Moody, A. S. H.
Newton, G. O.
Norman, E. P., B.E.
O'Sullivan, F. M.
O'Brien, O. W., B.A.
Parnell, T., M.A.
Paton, A. F.
Partridge, E. H.
Patterson, C. R.
Penny, G. J.
Percy, R. A.
Powe, A. B., B.A.
Radcliffe, J. N., B.A.
Rankin, W. E. D.
Reinhold, W. J., B.E.
Robinson, J. A., B.A.
Rowe, Rev. G. E.
Row, A. W. L.
Simmonds, W. P.
Smith, E. H.
Thelander, E. A.
Trout, R. C.
Wilson, G. C. C.
Wilson, G. H.
Wonderley, C. T., B.A.

ADMINISTRATIVE AND LABORATORY STAFF.

Cramb, J. D.
Hoskins, Wm.
Illidge, Chas.
Wright, George.

HOME SERVICES AND MUNITIONS

Barton, E. C. G.
Boyle, R. A.
Bonham, P. H.
Cumbrae-Stewart, B. A., B.C.L.
Darvall, A. E. J., B.A.
Gibson, Alex. J.
Fowler, W. M. B.
Gray, A. K., B.A.
Hargreaves, E. W., M.Sc.
Hurwood, A.
Hein, R.
Hurwood, A.
Jones, T. G. H., M.Sc.
Latimer, R. W.
Nielson, J. F., B.Sc.
Marsden, A. J., B.Sc.
Quinn, R. G.
Ross, C. N., B.E.
Saunders, G. J., B.E.
Singleton, H. P.
Sherman, T. L., B.E.
Scriven, H. E. B., B.E.
Stable, J. J., M.A.
Steele, B. D., D.Sc.
Wagner, J. G.
Watkins, S. B., B.Sc.
Wrigley, J. H., B.E.

College Notes.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE NOTES.

Ma first planted a garden (note Baconian style) and her twenty-four daughters did likewise. Shades may be seen at midnight bearing trowels, water cans, and the indispensable rat trap. Despite the notices displayed, forbidding the picking of our blossoms, soneone appears to have designs upon one of our Minyaanettes, and will probably Walk'er off.

Our second "at home" was a great success. Much political talent was revealed in the Limerick competition, and the display of facial cortortions made one long for a camera—or a gun. Since this function we have noticed that one of our hammocks is showing signs of wear.

We have made several attempts to adopt a dog, but each one, alas! even after he has enjoyed the soft couch afforded by silken

cushions and evening coats, and revelled in the luxury of a perfumed bath, does a git!

We knew long ago that Orpheus with his lute made trees, etc., but it was only just lately that we heard he also moved wastepaper baskets and chairs. We knew it was Orpheus, because he has since materialised and haunts our avenue with his barrel organ—lutes are old-fashioned.

Daily we see the effects of the war. Romeo no longer climbs up to Juliet's window, but Juliet climbs to her own—and ladders are such dangerous things, too! "Peanuts and lollies," says the boy upstairs.

The laundry is quite deserted at present. The washtubs lie neglected and the laundry mistresses have nearly forgotten how to clean the boiler. Parliament and missions demand a good deal of spare time, but most of it is spent in making gorgeous illustrations of Emilye, Arcite, etc. If the grocers are not selling so much starch as formerly, Greenfields are doing a roaring trade in paints and crayons.

Our beauty sleep was broken on Saturday night by the clatter of many hoofs on the pavement. One, two, three, four, five minutes—no, not quite—did they sing—mournful strains—silence, and then the moon, a lovely moon, over an avenue silent—and a still winter night. They've gone—hush! Did the dog stir?

It has been decided that the college is to have a blazer and much artistic talent has been employed in designing crests and suggesting mottoes, and much valuable time spent in "discussing" them.

The little yellow car has been doing good work this term, and generally seems to have the properties of an Italian bed. It figured in the procession of cars conveying the recently returned soldiers to the Military Hospital. Although all the heroes received a share of our wattle and sweet peas, the occupants of the "angel car" were particularly favoured, and later had much difficulty in extricating themselves from the many tokens of welcome.

It has "transpired" that a hockey match between the 'Varsity and College has been arranged to take place soon. Good luck to College!

The College Council, in all its motherly glory gave a dinner at the Belle Vue to all the College graduates. Our president was invited, but those who stayed at home had the recompense of dining with one divinely fair, beloved of the gods! But let us sheer off a much hackneyed subject and return to somthing of interest. What happened at Belle Vue? Did the tone of the College bump? Qui sait?

KING'S COLLEGE NOTES.

The publication of these notes coincides with the termination of a period of comparative calm. The chastened demeanour of the majority shows that to them at least the term has been one of ten weeks "hard." Any person of average intelligence can deduce the strenuous nature of our labours when informed of the man who succumbed to his work and woke when the first rooster was clearing his throat, to find that his light was still burning.

The beginning of the term saw the institution of a College band—piano, mouth-organ, sonophone, and concertina. It is long since defunct, and is already shrouded in oblivion. However, it served one useful function—it provided musical selections for the entertainment of the visitors at the enjoyable "tennis afternoon" held here in the early part of the term.

We were not caught unprepared by the Men's Dinner. The College defences were planned by two experts, who unfortunately were unable to test the real value of their preparations. The key of the position was defended by a powerful "Wasserwerfer," to adopt a well-known military term, under a capable operator. We were prepared to give our uninvited guests a good reception, but after a few explanations, we made them welcome. In this connection, I might add, the unsociability of the police force is much to be regretted.

Answers are invited to the question, "Is a man justified in seeing home on various occasions six lady friends of whom each knows nothing of the existence of the others?" And also to the question. "If he is not justified in so doing would this lead to excommunication in the case of an episcopal dignitary?" Great excitement was roused by the capture of a 'possum in the Common Room. This was especially gratifying after the disappointing chase

under the College after a problematical member of the same species. Several eminent men, however, lean towards the belief that the animal provisionally named "Opossum Undercollegius" is really related to the Felidae. This matter is still in doubt.

Next term we will still be found at the same address. All visitors will be received with the hearty enthusiasm for which we are famous.

Students of English literature will be interested in the discovery of one of the Tales which Chaucer forgot to publish. The whole poem transcribed directly from the manuscript is given below:—

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

A Bysshop was ther, Alisaundre by name,
And he unto the toun of Brisbane came;
In appetyte he far excelled the beste,
His stomach stuck out far beyond his breste;
But sikerly no vulgar man was he
For he was learned in biologie.
To greet a lovyere ther was nowher noon,
Of damosels he had a fayre platoune.
That followed hym wherever he might be.
He whystled shrill, "Come hider love to me,"
And straightway ther approached oon or tweye
Ful hastily along the nearest way.
Bifil that in that season on a day
He taked oon of hem unto the place
To spend the night in mirth and jollitee;
Peanuts and likewyse chocolaat baughte he.
But while he joyed with his girle swete
Three other maydes of his came up the street
And stood before this Bysshop's residence
And whystled as they looked o'er the fence.
But jealousie a dreadful thing it is
For everichon thought she alone was his
And so began to quarrel and to fight—
Unhappy spectacle for swich a night.
When men approached to drive hem away
The syght of men made hem more wish to stay,
For flirtes were they soothly as I guesse.
Was ever man in swich a messe
As this Bysshop; he swore that he would own
Henceforth not six yonge maydes but oon alone.
But this as it has never been his weye
He will not do; ther is namoore to seye.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

Notes are usually difficult to obtain. We have an excellent supply of "Gold," but although we note many things during the term, notes are notoriously scarce. We cannot understand how this should be, for are we not told that

The Treasury's issuing more
Than it ever did before,
Notes ! Notes ! Galore !

It may be that somewhere in the prosaic annals of anterior Q.U.M.'s a note shall be found recording the installation (with many unreportable ejaculations from the carriers) of a grand piano in an upper room. Fears were aroused among the members that continuous strains of music borne on the gentle breeze would so irritate their studious nerves as to necessitate a special meeting of the medical fraternity of the Council. But something that befalls most men sooner or later happened to the owner of this instrument, and now

Those strains they never soar
As they did in days of yore,
Notes ! Notes ! No more !

Victor E. Galway, Mus. Bac., left us on June 19th "ire in matrimonium." On the evening prior to his departure a dinner was given in his honour. We were favoured with the company of Professor Priestley and Messrs. Davies and Seymour. The "table d' hote" not having been published beforehand it became quite evident that, great as their capacity was, the staying powers of the students was unequal to the task imposed on it. They all struggled manfully through until the "piece de resistance" (number seven) was reached, when one audacious student, in making the presentation, admitted with tears in his eyes that he was "too full for words." In the morning two of our most respectable-looking students (including a theolog.) had sallied forth to purchase an umbrella. Finding a delightful specimen of that genius they left instructions to have initials carved upon it. The salesman was evidently a keen psychologist, for when they returned for their purchase he calmly informed them that "we don't put initials on umbrellas until they are paid for." A horseshoe, on which was tied a bow with wonder-creating symmetry, and a card bearing the edifying inscription, "May your lum never want reek," was suspended from the back of the motor-car. Our best wishes go with Mr. and Mrs. Galway.

One noticeable feature of the term has been the number of tennis parties organised by the energetic secretary of our association. Many benedictions have fallen upon his modest head. One studdent also fell upon his head, yielding unmitigated delight to another who had undergone some medical training. Sundry murmurings have been heard concerning the excessive quantity of milk required for afternoon tea, with the result that infatuated students are soliciting the gift of one of the bovine species. The Recorder will thankfully acknowledge the receipt of this quadruped.

A branch of the S.C.U. has been started. Monday evenings are devoted to the study of the prescribed textbook.

Only two windows and one door have been broken since the beginning of the session. Several trees, having had the temerity to rear their bulky forms between the tennis-court and the sun, were ruthlessly truncated. The powers that be thereupon sent an ultimatum to the rash one, and the slayer was slain.

A reward is being offered to the person who discovers the culprit or culprits who emptied the salt-cellars into the water-jug.

Society Notes.

WOMEN'S CLUB NOTES.

After the magazine went to print last term the Women's Club held a social evening in the Men's Common Room, when £11/1/ was realised for the University Red Cross Society. The annual meeting of the University Red Cross Branch was held on June 21st, when the secretary and treasurer presented very successful reports, £88/12/7 and 335 articles having been sent from this branch to the East Ward. Miss Staunton and Miss Law were elected to the offices of secretary and treasurer respectively. Congratulatory remarks were made about the good work done by Miss Macmillan (retiring secretary) and Miss Eden (retiring treasurer). During the term the committee of the club undertook to assist the committee for the Sock Fund Fete, which was held in the University Grounds on June 12th. A great number of the women students volunteered to help and assisted on stalls and in other ways. It is the intention of the club to hold a debate early in third term. The gathering will be confined to women, and representatives from the various philanthropic societies as well as ad eundems and graduates are to be invited.

MEN'S CLUB.

Although under present conditions the scope of the Men's Club is rather limited, still there is no lack of evidence that the club is gradually progressing and promises soon to occupy that position in the University which a men's club should do.

Thanks to the universal interest shown the annual dinner was again very successful. The fact that about 80 per cent. of the men undergraduates were present is very encouraging, but the attendance of graduates was poor. One of the main functions of this club is to keep graduates in touch with the University and one another, and the only means it has of doing so at present is through the medium of the annual dinner. For this reason the graduates that are and will be are urged in future to make a point of attending this re-union.

During the term a letter was received requesting assistance in a matter of arranging the University grounds for a patriotic fete. The committee desire to thank those whose generous assistance enabled the request to be met.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

There is little of interest to chronicle this term. The weekly practices have been continued, and on the whole have been well attended.

Since the magazine last went to press we have played a match against the Graduates, resulting in a win for the latter by 7 goals to 2. At present all are eagerly looking forward to a match on 19th July between College and the Rest of the 'Varsity.

We regret the loss of our goalkeeper (Miss McIntyre), but we wish her every success in her new sphere.

Correspondence.

A SUGGESTION TO THE UNION.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—There is a tide in the affairs of men which if taken at the flood leads on to fortune. It seems as if there were such a tide in the affairs of the Students' Union at the present time. The membership of the Union, I understand, is open to undergraduates, graduates, non-matriculated students, and the staff. The co-operation of members of the staff in Musical Society, Sports Union, Dramatic, and Debating Societies, has been a great factor in the successful development of these societies. The Union is moving to a greater consciousness of its own importance. There is fast growing up a larger body of graduates and those of them who still remain within hail of the University, seem to find themselves drawn to take interest in the Musical and Debating Societies at any rate. They, no doubt, feel it sudden to plunge from the privilege of student life into the cold and unappreciative world outside. They probably like to claim their privilege of belonging to the Union, and to come into its midst sometimes remembering that they are still students and part of this body. Is it not an excellent thing for the Union when they do so? At the same time does not the complication arise that undergraduates want to be more frivolous and youthful sometimes than the said graduates; do they not want to feel at times that they are just undergraduates and therefore capable of anything? As a prevention of this possible difficulty I would suggest that the undergraduates should form their own nucleus within the Union into an Undergraduate Association or Club, to which non-matriculated students of the same standing should be admitted as members on equal terms, until the time when they should be a greater number than at present, when they could, if desirable, form their own association affiliated to the Union. Any question concerning undergraduates and such students alone would then be discussed within this circle, leaving the business of the Union committee to questions concerning its own affairs. Within the Undergraduates Association would spring up debates, etc., independent of the more inclusive ones of the Union. I would suggest that there is room to begin with of two Dramatic and Debating Societies respectively, one in the Union and one in the Undergraduates Association, and this might apply to the other societies also. For instance, as regards the Dramatic Societies, the one in the Union would stage a play with picked actors from graduates and undergraduates, whilst the one in the Undergraduates Association would have its own plays, which it could also stage if desirable, since the subscriptions to the Union would be greater by the incentive given to graduates to remain members of the Union. I would suggest that the President of the Students' Union should be a graduate, and that the Vice-President an undergraduate or external student of third or fourth year standing—should combine this office with that of President of the Undergraduates' Association; that there should only be the one subscription, i.e., the present one to the Students' Union. Anything extra undertaken by the Undergraduates Association requiring funds could perhaps be launched by means of a special levy, and that the Treasurer of the Association should collect the undergraduates' subscriptions for the Union. Under the suggested rearrangement of the Union third and fourth year students would gain experience within the larger body (and as leaders, etc.), they would be freed from some of the pressure that now comes to bear on those unfortunate ones of them, who are privileged to these positions (and as leaders of the Undergraduates Association, they would pass on the benefits of the wider experience thus gleaned); for though there would perhaps be more committee meetings, I think that the actual work, e.g., that of the Secretaries and Treasurers would be more evenly distributed.

As regards the personnel of the Union Committee it might remain much the same as at present, except for the changes in President and Vice-President already suggested, and the admission of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Undergraduates Association. Corresponding changes might

take place in the committees of the existing societies within the Union, so including the societies of the Undergraduates Association. No suggestion need be made regarding the Men's and Women's Clubs which are also affiliated with the Union, though probably there is arising, or has arisen, within both these bodies also the need for the formation of a body of undergraduates, which would discuss all questions relevant to them alone, and so keep such questions out of the meetings of the larger body.

I think that the formation of an Undergraduates Association would make the Union a more potent factor in University life; for it would give the undergraduates more freedom and yet would be an incentive to the graduates to take part in the activities of the Union. There would probably never be a big enough body of graduates in Brisbane and interested in the Union to outweigh in numbers the external students and undergraduates who would also grow in numbers as time went on; and I believe that it would be to the benefit of all alike to belong to such a comprehensive body. This scheme is offered merely as one which may possibly work, and it will be open to criticism by those who have had experience in other universities. But whilst much may be learned from others, each University has its own requirements which must be fulfilled in its own special way; and because a scheme does not work in one University it does not necessarily follow that it will not therefore work in any other. Before initiating such a scheme it would be necessary to discover how many graduates would be willing to undertake the responsible positions—some are already doing so—and to attend committee meetings as conscientiously as the undergraduates; for unless there were enough to do this the scheme would fail. As the University grows, however, there will be more graduates engaged in work there, research and otherwise, who will be as capable as undergraduates of taking an active part in affairs; and as they are still students and yet no longer undergraduates it seems that they must be included on equal terms, and yet as distinct from undergraduates. It will no doubt be objected that the time has not yet come for the formation of an Uudergraduates Association; but if the time has not come it is surely coming soon, and it is good a thing to prepare for it by considering the way the change should be effected, the form it should take; and I suggest that the machinery may be set going now, so that the change may take place naturally and not through any rifts occuring. If this is done, it will be there to fulfil the greater need when it shall arise, and fall easily into shape without interrupting the onward course of the Union.

I am sir,

A THIRD-YEAR-STUDENT.

Suggestion.—How about a club to practise the staff in the art of public speaking? A good opening for the first meeting would be for each member of the staff to speak on all that he knows—no speech to exceed ten minutes.

Wanted.—A quiet spot for Bible study circles, where small boys do not (a) bound.

Since when has it been the custom at this University for a train of thirty white-robed figures to move stealthily along the corridor to a certain room, and with great care to insert pieces of white paper under the door, at the unearthly hour of one o'clock in the morning?

Lost.—A Victory.

Notice.

A nucleus discussion club of women graduates and third year students, met in the Women's Common Room on July 9th, at 8 p.m., when a paper was read and discussed. It was decided to meet in future every other Saturday night, the subject being chosen always for the following meeting. The discussions are quite informal, and are open to all women students and graduates who are interested The first meeting next term will be held on the first Saturday after vacation.

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